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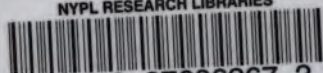
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# THEY THAT TOOK THE SWORD





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**THEY THAT TOOK THE  
SWORD**



# THEY THAT TOOK THE SWORD

BY  
NATHANIEL STEPHENSON

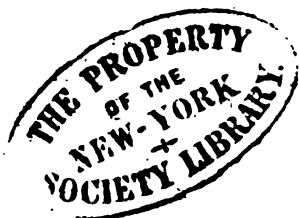
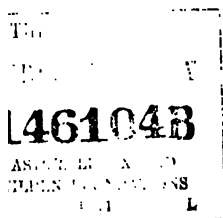


JOHN LANE: THE BODLEY HEAD  
LONDON AND NEW YORK

1901

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BY JOHN LANE

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TO

ALFRED MANSFIELD BROOKS

*"Until the day break and the  
shadows flee away"*



# *They that Took the Sword*

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## PRELUDE

*With a scent of old-world roses.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

ON the east side of a quiet street in the city of Cincinnati, the Republic of the United States, stands a beautiful old house. Before it is a fence of wrought iron nine feet high, and its gates are massive as if the entrance to a château. Along the sidewalk there are fine old trees, and within the fence still others. There is also a strip of lawn cut by a flagstone walk, leading from those huge gates to a stone portico with Ionic columns. A great, weather-beaten stone vase, on either side of the walk and midway to the portico, blooms scarlet every summer time with a flame of geraniums above a tangle of falling vines. The wings of the mansion stretch forth on either hand of the portico, serenely simple. It is one of the last of those

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fine, classical houses which Cincinnatians loved to build in the early part of the century, before their city had been devastated by cholera, or the modern architect arose in his might.

In the old days Cincinnati was filled with such houses. It was a city of Greek porticos, with basilicas for its churches, and Doric or Corinthian temples for its public buildings. It was a city set among gardens, an open city, with air of pure sunshine, with lawns and groves, and even orchards. The visible, gleaming atmosphere which belongs to the Vale of the Ohio, the sapphire air with the golden glint in it, billowed above the city like a sea, rippling windily upon the green masses of tree-tops, or along some wide street between rows of white stone columns. That was a city where the eye could fill pleasantly with a sense of the beauty of form.

And to-day it is all gone — or almost gone. There is still the house of which I speak ; there are two or three others, among them the most beautiful mansion in the city, lifted upon a hillside, an imposing Doric temple, led up to by a flight of stone steps. But its neighbourhood is now one of the lowest quarters of the town ; the house itself has fallen, fallen, till at

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last it has become a tenement, and each time I look upon it I bid it farewell. It will soon go the way of the others. Gone already is the great Temple of Jupiter, one of the finest pieces of classic restoration in America, the old Government Building of Cincinnati, which stood high in air at the corner of Fourth and Vine Streets, and was approached by a stone stairway with a width of fifty feet; gone are all its distinguished companions save one. The Cathedral of St. Peter, the Corinthian basilica with its exquisite stone spire—who cares if it is simply Sir Christopher transplanted to the West?—still stands. May it stand forever, last consoler of those Cincinnatians who long for their old churches, who detest the ridiculous would-be Gothic and would-be Romanesque—so unlike the real thing!—that has taken the place of the temples and the basilicas; who would, if they could, take their modern architects by the throat.

But my business as an historian is with the people of the Old Régime rather than the city. They too have passed.

“The knight’s bones are dust,  
His good sword rust,  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.”

## They that Took the Sword

Cincinnati has not such distinctiveness as it once had, any more than it is still a little island of classicism gathered about the Temple of Jupiter and St. Peter's Basilica. The new kings have arisen who know not Joseph, who cannot read Virgil, to whom the tawdry in architecture is delightful. Of course, these are not everybody, but they are sadly numerous. Nevertheless there was once a day when the gentlemen of Cincinnati might have deserved to sit to Reynolds. The men who built those fine old houses had the pose and the temper, the graces and limitations that would have got on very well at the side of My Lady's chair at Bath.

Perhaps, despite their love of good living and their love of fine clothes, — both of which they undeniably had, — they were a mite too strenuous, too frequently Calvinistic — and profoundly, honestly Calvinistic — to be quite the men for Bath. But let that pass. In the last days of their eminence, the days into which this history undertakes to glimpse, when all their sons and sons' sons were going forth to the War, most for the Republic, but some for the Confederacy, they were each as a part what their city was as a whole. Their lives were as

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genial, as humanistic, as little soured by their strenuousness, as was their open-spaced, sunshiny, wind-beaten little town with its blue air and its temples of white stone. Their culture was as severe, as monotonous, but as uniform as was the classical imitativeness of their architecture. They took life seriously and themselves seriously, and they stepped loftily through their parts in a manner which at this distance will seem to one temperament stiff, to another pedantic, but to many, for all its faults, distinguished. There was in all of them, despite the moral strenuousness of their type, a spice of the eighteenth century. While they lived and their children and grandchildren were even as they were, Calvinism had no irrepressible conflict with old Madeira, nor did any press of work quite excuse a man for neglecting his classics. Life had not yet lost its glint. In the days of which I write, that Enfield Dayton, who was the grandfather of the heroine in this history, still put a dash of colour into evening dress, knew the Institutes of Calvin almost by heart, and would have hung his head with shame had he been deceived in the vintage of his wine. And he was but one of his generation. They had their black sheep, of



## They that Took the Sword

course, men who were not serious, not even interesting, and their sons in some cases were amazingly bad — bad as anything in Fielding — and some of the old men were harsh and tyrannical. But of the generation massed into a type, Enfield Dayton was a fair specimen; and in him, despite his high temper, the natural man had very largely died to the spiritual man, and the spiritual man taking on form and colour had ripened into a humanist.

And yet he and his generation — until, that is, they hung up their arms in a metaphorical temple of victory and turned aside to enjoy old age — were not men of leisure. That is part of their distinctiveness. They were lawyers, doctors, clergymen, soldiers, merchants, politicians, — sometimes two or three of these at once, — and here and there one of their sons was an artist. All of them were artists in a sense. They had the instinct for fine effect, for the spectacular trifle, that has so often turned the scale at a crisis. They had that, perhaps, because they had also the gift of unity with themselves, because all the parts of them were welded into wholes. They worked hard; they dressed as Polonius had commanded them; they read their Latin; they prayed — that is

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to say, the type of them did—they believed in Christianity with a working faith rather startling to the present generation; they drank their wine and they played bezique; they wore velvet waistcoats wonderful to behold; they had tan-coloured top coats, narrow in the waist, with bell skirts lined with satin, like the driving-coats of the previous century; the very oldest of them were still resplendent in a multitude of ruffles: and standing all together they ruled their city. They were the tight-knit provincial aristocracy in a miniature state. They even had their own painters—Charles Soule and John Frankenstein were the chief, with Hiram Powers for court sculptor—and their portraits show a generation that need not be afraid of ordinary comparison. Tall, fine-looking men, for the most part, and of ruddy countenance, with faces lacking sometimes in versatility, but not often in force, were those old grandees of the classical, Calvinistic Cincinnati which is gone.

And then there were the fair women. Whenever you find a race of knightly men, you want always, if you care for beautiful faces, to see the portraits of the women. Everybody knows that—or used to know it. But in con-

## They that Took the Sword

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"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
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A celebrated female agitator asserts bitterly, as I read in the paper, that to-day no woman can influence a man's vote. Alas, alas, if this be true, how women have changed! How unromantic, how practical and prosaic, they must have grown! The women of fifty years back could influence men's votes; they could influence anything. How their glamour held up the weak, how their audacity bore down the strong! They did not go to female conventions, but they went to their ends with such

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The scent of old-world roses will master men's hearts when the most ambitious rhetoric will leave them cold. I turn from the depressing bitterness of our decline to a group of miniatures, with which I am particularly familiar, that were all painted toward the close of the Old Régime. There are a legion of

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## CHAPTER I

*Love that bath us in the net,  
Can he pass and we forget?  
Many suns arise and set,  
Many a chance the years beget.  
Love the gift, is Love the debt.*

TENNYSON.

ON that thirtieth night of August, 1862, Miss Amy Golding sat at her window looking down upon the lawn and the great stone vases, or across to the château-like gates, while the moonlight fell upon the face of the house, and in the slight breeze the tree-tops waved and rustled. Below stairs her grandfather, with several of his friends, sat at wine in the dining-room. Now and then a peal of laughter resounded through the house, the jolly laughter of hale old men. Once they had started a song. It was the "Star Spangled Banner," and Amy had thrust her fingers into

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her ears, for she hated it, or imagined she did.  
But after one line and a half, —

“ Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn’s early light,  
What so proudly we hailed — ”

it stopped abruptly. She wondered why.

Miss Amy Golding was somewhere over seventeen years old, her mother was dead, and Amy lived alone with her grandfather. She was not happy. Her eyes had never been bigger and deeper and seldom more troubled than they were to-night. A great frown knotted her high brow, and her lips twitched. She was very near to crying.

Presently she laid her cheek upon the sill of the window and wept softly, thinking all the while of her cousin, Captain Vincent Kainson, of the Federal Army. She would have been unhappy that night, had there been no such person in existence, for her father was far from her and in danger, but her unhappiness would have been different. What embittered her situation was a matter of politics. At the opening of the war her father had ridden away to take a command among the men whom her grandfather, when she was not around, called “ The Rebels.” Mr. Day-

## They that Took the Sword

ton himself and three-fourths of her cousins had declared for the Republic. As she pressed her cheek upon the sill, she vowed to herself that she hated the very name of the United States of America.

With still more vehemence she vowed she would never love a man who had worn the hated blue uniform. She kept saying to herself that her dear, dear father was a Secessionist, and what he was, she was. There was the root of her trouble, — the varying uniforms of her father and her childhood sweetheart. She tried to believe that it made no matter how much she had cared for Vincent once, nor how much she might at heart want to care for him now, as her father's daughter, she could not, would not love him. Her tears grew hotter as her inward protestation grew more devoted, and together they thrilled her with ecstatic misery. Love must go — the blind little beggar! — and the great stern duty should sit enthroned.

But why, I wonder, does Scripture make light of vain repetition? It is all very good for some people to say that two negatives do not make an affirmative, but the question is still an open one. Assert often enough that you

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will not do a thing — never, never, never do it — and like as not that is just what in the end you will do. Miss Amy wore herself out in her misery, and naturally there was the reaction. Her tears ceased flowing for lack of any more to flow. She gazed dreamily into the moonlight. She became aware again of the shapes of the shadows, of the lovely glimmer of the ethereal silvery night. She remembered another night, just such an one as this, and then she was riding with Vincent through open beechwoods that were full of the half-tones of the moonshine, that were murmurous as the sea, mysterious as a cathedral. How splendid it was — that ride! What times they had had together! There was this adventure — that — the other — a host besides. Imagine, now — suppose they were riding to-night, where would they go? And what would they talk about? And —

She slipped pleasantly into that half dream, so likely to follow emotional exhaustion, when all of her was asleep except the eager fancy that was telling her fairy stories.

Before long she was altogether asleep. But her head still rested upon the window-sill while the minutes sped quickly into an hour.

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Soon after that the great gates moved noiselessly open, some one passed between them, and a figure came lightly up the walk. A young man stepped to one side across the lawn. Beneath Amy Golding's window he proclaimed his politics by whistling softly that blithest air ever blown, — Dixie !

She gave a start, came back from a glorious dream gallop with Vincent, and was awake. She leaned across the sill and the whistling stopped.

"Ame?" said the whistler.

"What is it, Ev?"

"News — big news — biggest kind of news — please come down."

She answered that she would, instantly, and turned from the window. A candle was burning before her mirror, and she paused a moment to arrange her hair. As she did so, she saw the tear-stains on her face. They had to be done away with, of course, and when again she looked into the mirror, she lingered another moment, held by the great wistfulness of her own eyes. Could one have glanced across her shoulder, one would have thought : "She is not beautiful — at least, not yet — — handsome will never be the word for her,



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but pretty, sweetly, witchingly pretty, is what she is now."

Softly she glided downstairs across the wide unlighted hall to the front door.

"Ev!" she called.

"Here I am," said he, rising, for he had been sitting on the bottom one of the house steps; "what do you think has happened?"

"Oh, I don't know," said she, eagerly; "is it about papa?"

He shook his head.

"Guess again," said he.

"Don't tease me, Ev — what is it?"

The boy — he was just six months younger than she — smiled into her face and held her eyes with his own through a long moment of expectancy. Then this young Secessionist announced,—

"We've got Kentucky."

"What!"

It was a low cry of delight. He nodded importantly.

"That is," he continued, "we've begun to get it. Kirby Smith fought a battle at Richmond yesterday, — the news has just come, — and whipped 'em all to pieces, and they're running in every direction."

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"Oh, Ev!"

There was trembling delight in her tone. By "they" both of them meant the Federal armies, for this was the moment when it seemed that Kentucky was about to be wrenched from the Republic and added to the Confederacy. Allowing for the eagerness of a partisan imagination, young Everard's report was measurably correct.

"And now," said he, nodding emphatically, "maybe you don't think there's going to be fun."

It is time to dignify this young man with an introduction. He was none other than Everard Kainson, younger brother of that Vincent of whom Miss Amy had dreamed. How he came to be a Secessionist while his brother was a Federal, and neither was of mature years, was part of a tragedy in the minor key. Their father, Major Tom Kainson, was one of those unfortunate men who have all the outward signs of force and yet, except in mere execution, are nowise forceful. He had that nature of doubt, of emotional balance and mental indecision, which made him in his old age an agnostic. In these earlier days he had stood silently by, having

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resigned his commission some years before, while the great Conflict drew its lines of demarcation and marked out its arena. Unable to make up his mind himself, he would say nothing to influence either of his sons. They were as diverse as men could be, and he permitted each, unconsciously, to draw out of him what chimed closest with the boy's own nature. To Vincent, who had been moulded chiefly by his grandfather, his father seemed almost a Union man, at worst a philosophic doubter. To Everard, who had always been as Amy's brother, and had grown up under the shadow of Colonel Golding, Major Kainson was a Secessionist. Vincent, at Harvard, had gone into one of the first Massachusetts regiments, the Cambridge Rifles, and his father in a long, rather sad letter had not upbraided him. When Everard swore at his brother and vowed his own friendship for the South, the Major made no reply. But he had forbidden him to go away with Golding, and that honourable gentleman made the boy promise not to follow without his father's consent. "Alexander would n't steal a battle, my boy," said Golding, "and I won't steal a man." To himself, for he was a great joker,

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he added, "Who said there was one to steal?" but he did not say that to Everard. And so the young man remained at Cincinnati, mixing into all the local conspiracies whereby money and supplies were smuggled into the South. Amy was his fast friend, his father shut his eyes to his doings, and he had a convenient enemy in his violently Union step-mother, — a beautiful, vixenish little woman, of whom much more hereafter. Everard was an imaginative young rascal, the part of conspirator tickled him, and hitherto he had been content.

"But now," said he to Amy, "it is time to do something. This town is full of Secessionists, — everybody knows it and all the Union men are worried about it. What have they tried their best to do, all summer, but just make people believe there weren't any Secessionists here? And what were they trying so hard for, except just because they knew there were lots of 'em and they were making a bluff to keep other people from getting as scared as they are? What do they keep trotting out the town council and making it take the oath of allegiance in a body for? Fiddlesticks! It's all bluff. They're scared blue."

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"But, Ev, dear, what is going to be done?"

"Done! — oh my stars — I don't know — wait a day or two. That's what's always being done here, — they're waiting the whole time. They'll wait, I daresay, till the Army of Northern Virginia has captured Washington and can come leisurely over the mountains. But I know what I'd do if I were a leader. I'd raise all the Secessionists to-night and have the city in our hands before morning. Then I'd telegraph Kirby Smith that the town had seceded from Ohio and he must come quick. But I say, Amy, is Dad in there?"

He motioned with his head toward the house. Mr. Everard, in the freedom of his speech, was an *avant courier* of the new day. His nature had plenty of good in it, but he needed a tight rein, and the confusion of the first year of the War gave opportunity for "Young America" — detestable excrescence! — to form like a character parasite and obscure true worth. Fortunate for Everard Kainson were those trying experiences in which he was soon to become involved, which seared away his "Young America" and left him clean and a man.

Amy Golding had gone softly up the steps

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into the hall, and looked the length of it to the dining-room. Through the wide doorway which filled the whole end of the hall, she saw half a dozen gentlemen sitting about the table in the soft light of candles. Among them was Major Kainson, large, blond, with stiff gray moustache, square-browed and strong-featured, looking at this distance, whence eye and mouth could not be examined, the very type of efficient man of action.

"We're going to make a last grand appeal to him to-night," said Everard, when she returned, "and I wish they'd get through. The Vixen is out, too, and I want it over, if possible, before she gets home."

His stepmother was Everard's detestation, and as his severe brother, though disliking her quite as much, refused to be disrespectful, Everard confided his grievances to Amy. She had laboured in vain, all her sense of delicacy rebelling against the confidence, to make him hold his tongue or at least to drop the name of Vixen. To her own heart she had said repeatedly, "Aunt Bessie is simply horrid. How *did* Uncle Tom, who is so sweet and kind and manly, — how did he ever come to marry her?" But as she never would agree

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openly with Everard on this direful point, and knew that it was no use to quarrel with him, she now kept silence. Everard knew why she sat so demurely and looked so straight in front of her, and he chuckled to himself. After a moment of pause he continued,—

“I’ve brought over my friend Chesterton,<sup>1</sup>—that’s the Dayton surgeon I was telling you about,—and we’re going to tell Dad everything we know, and if he doesn’t come out and declare himself, it won’t be our fault. Think of it, Ame,”—the boy’s eyes sparkled—“Chesterton says he’ll agree to leave the command of everything in Dad’s hands if he’ll just declare himself and call on the Party to rise. I tell you, if he’ll only do it, he’ll be a brevet major-general in three weeks. If he’ll go at it right, he can raise fifteen thousand men in no time at all, and then look at his opportunity. There’ll be a Confederate

<sup>1</sup> Dr. William E. Chesterton was a close friend of Valandigham, and one of those Ohio Secessionists whose exertions in favour of the South led to General Burnside’s celebrated “Order No. 38.” He was a man of considerable ability, and had he survived his bold attempt at Cincinnati, he would doubtless have made a name.

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Army in the Union rear and in possession of Cincinnati and unlimited supplies. What would General Lee say to that? And what —" he leaned upon the step above him and laughed softly — "what would the Vixen say?"

Miss Golding's gentle nature, for all that she was a soldier's daughter, was slightly terrified at so close an approach of war to the very door by which she sat. But she was ashamed to show her feeling, — for why should she falter rather than Everard? — and yet give vent to her nervousness in some way she must. She permitted herself to reopen the old battle about the stepmother.

"Everard," said she, snappishly, "if you say Vixen again, I'll go right into the house and you can go where you please."

"Oh, bother," said he, "I am telling you about history, and you keep harping about that —"

She jumped to her feet.

"What do you say, Everard?"

"Mrs. Thomas Kainson — Honourable Mrs. — Mrs. Major — Mrs. Esquire — tack on all the titles you want — only sit down and listen."



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Having gained her point and resumed her seat, Miss Amy drooped upon her victory and suffered in spirit while Everard detailed the possible campaign within the city, — what fighting would have to be done; where one side would be stronger, where the other; who would come out for the Confederacy, who would not; what new Napoleons would appear, what existing reputations would topple to the earth; in a word, with lurid boyish imagination, he anticipated the commune to call forth from its bloody dusk the sunrise of his father's fame.

Alas, how bitterly he was to be disappointed! How much of his air-castle was, at that instant, genuine possibility, how much romantic imagination, no one can now say. It is, indeed, past doubting that the Confederates had a great possibility, during the last days of the summer, in Cincinnati, that year '62. Whether they could have succeeded, even if none of the things had gone wrong which did go wrong, is another question. But Everard was within the truth when he said that the city was full of them. Had the right man been on the ground, had the Confederate invasion of Kentucky been

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less of a side issue to the great tragedy in Virginia, had a Federal commander been a day later in arriving at Cincinnati — but here we are, back to the limbo of speculation. All that we know for certain is that when the abortive rising finally came, it was too late. In the city itself there was almost no fighting at all; in the engagements west of the town the Confederates were overmatched, and if no mistakes had been made by their opponents, they would have been destroyed.

But to neither of the young people sitting in the calm moonlight on the steps of Dayton House were these considerations apparent. Everard — brave, fanciful, headlong, unthinking boy — heard only the drums and trumpets of possibility, saw in his mind's eye but the beauty and the panoplies of success. Amy, with her breast heaving, tried hard to go along with him. Was she not a soldier's daughter? Was not her whole heart in the Cause? Should *she* falter? Assuredly not. Her father's honour was concerned in her own bravery; she must not shame him. She steeled her heart, and with hands clasped tightly in her lap listened to the youthful prophet of their city's Armageddon. But she

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could not go so far as not to endeavour to put away from her the visions which he evoked. She tried not to see the street before them flowing like a river of spears, a torrent of hurrying, tossing bayonets, a white star of the moonshine on every murderous point; she tried not to hear the hoof-beats, galloping all about them, up and down twenty streets, rattling in and out among the blocks or houses, like the roaring of unseen waters deep among glens; she tried not to feel the heat, not to breathe the smoke, which was blown athwart the moon and settled chokingly in her face, at the thought that part of the city might be burnt and battle rage among flaming houses; before all, she tried to keep away the thought that there would be agonised screams of the wounded, and in the bloody streets, beneath unpitying heavens, the faces of the dead.

"War," said General Sherman, "is hell." To this sensitive spirit it seemed all of that. And her father was in the midst of it. So, for that matter, was Vincent. No wonder she became more and more upon tension, less and less equable in temper, while her comrade ran on about Armageddon. If you want to prepare for an explosion, whether great or small,

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let your subject be wrought up over something which he is bound in honour not to admit as having moved him, and thereupon any trifle may serve as the spark to your magazine. The sense of the terribleness of war was fast unstringing Miss Amy's nerves.

"Everard," said she, interrupting him brusquely, for she could not stand his realism any longer, "you don't know where papa is, do you?"

He shook his head.

"The last I heard his regiment was in Tennessee. It must be there yet."

It was well for Miss Amy's peace of mind that she did not know how the army which had poured into Kentucky had been formed. Could she have known that her father's regiment was at that moment pushing forward to Cincinnati, had she been compelled to imagine his own dear head beneath the blast of the Armageddon, I hesitate to say how it would have affected her. And the picture presented to her would have been just as luridly drawn, had her father been involved, for Everard—poor fellow!—was one of those boys whose imagination did not contain the idea of death. Greatly was he to suffer, and very soon, be-

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cause he could do things without realising their consequences.

But her question had checked the flow of his eloquence, and now it occurred to him, when the mischief was done, that all this might distress her about her father. That was Everard Kainson's way. As to himself and his brother, that boyish ignoring of death made him laugh at Vincent's dangers, the same as he always laughed at his own. But he had enough sympathy, once it had been distinctly called for, to realise that for Amy it was different. She was a girl. He reached out and took her hand.

"Don't worry, Ame," said he; "you know nothing *could* happen to uncle — it simply could n't. He's too brave, too much needed. He *must* be safe."

"If I only knew where he was," said she, with a catch in her voice. "You don't think, Ev — oh! you are sure, are n't you — there can't be many more battles?"

The catch in her voice sounded almost like a sob. Everard moved closer and slipped an arm about her.

"Don't cry, Ame," said he, gently; "very soon —"

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Oh the blindness of man! Could he not see that the girl who would have cried freely in his presence once, had changed in these last few months to a girl who would not cry willingly before any one! The spark had fallen upon the magazine. She tossed her head and pushed his arm away.

"I am *not* crying," she exclaimed. "You need n't think, Everard Kainson, you're the only brave person in the world. I'm just as brave as you are."

Everard lifted his eyebrows and relapsed smiling into silence, while Amy turned her back. But the boy was not without appreciations, though they generally needed to be aroused from without, and he fell to thinking: "I guess she *is* braver than I am. If I took it as hard as that, I'd blubber like a baby." Then another thought occurred to him, and he looked fondly at the back of her head and his admiration increased. He was thinking: "Now that she has asked about her father, I'd bet my horse she's dead eager to ask about Vincent — confound Vincent, he's a fool! — and she's got too much spirit to do it. Bless her heart, she's the gamest little woman I know." He eyed her awhile longer,

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and still she did not turn round, nor unclasp those tightly folded hands, and her shoulders just heaved and no more. He was about to speak, when the girl herself, in a gallant attempt at unconcern, broke the silence by saying stiffly, —

“ I think this is the prettiest night we have had for ever so long.”

Everard laughed softly.

“ They say,” he replied, “ that Vincent’s regiment is in West Virginia.”

The shoulders heaved quickly, but the hands did not unclasp, and she was as stiff as ever when she answered, —

“ Indeed.”

“ Yes. They were telegraphing about available troops when I was at the Gazette office, an hour ago, and they got word that the Cambridge Rifles — that’s his regiment — ”

“ I guess I know that,” cut in Amy, partly turning her head.

“ Can be here in ten hours,” went on Everard; “ he’s commanding it — did you know that ? ”

She wheeled about, and her eyes flashed.

“ Vincent a colonel — already ! Good ! ”

The cry of joy had leaped out of her at the

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swift surprise of the news,—fire out of flint,—but now she turned scarlet and again gazed straight in front of her.

“Not a colonel,” said Everard, “a major. The telegram said ‘Major Kainson commanding.’”

Amy had recovered herself and she said calmly,—

“Perhaps it’s some other Kainson.”

“There’s only one in the regiment,” replied Everard.

She sniffed the air and retorted,—

“It’s nothing much to be a major, anyhow.”

“My father’s one,” said Everard.

“That’s different. He was in the regular army.”

Everard laughed and got upon his feet.

“Ame,” said he, teasingly, “I wish I was Vincent, for one thing.”

But Miss Amy, who had also risen, was not to be caught so easily. She saw the trap and edged away from it, saying warily,—

“Do you?”

Everard laughed loud.

“Own up,” said he, “you were awfully glad when you thought he was a colonel.”



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"I don't care a straw," said she, petulantly, "if your brother is ten colonels."

There was a moment of silence. Then Everard said, —

"We're not going to quarrel, Ame. I'm sorry for teasing you. You're the finest girl in Cincinnati."

They were standing in the shadow of the portico, and Everard quietly put his arm about her and kissed her.

"Good-night," said he. "But you mind, I don't say Vincent is n't pretty fine, too, — if he were n't so much of a fool in some ways."

She had returned his kiss with childish unconcern. But before he withdrew his arm, Everard's rascality got the better of him once more, and he began singing, —

"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,  
Silver buckles on his knee —"

She caught his arm, and again she flung it from her; then, in a pretty little passion, she threw up her hand and boxed him on the ear.

"You," said she, stamping her foot, "Everard — go home!"

He sprang down the steps and went away

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choking with laughter. But far down the street she heard him singing,—

“ Bobby Shaftoe ’s gone to sea,  
Silver buckles on his knee ;  
He ’ll come home and marry me —  
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe ! ”

And then Miss Amy Golding fell back on her vain repetition, saying to herself, “ Never, never, never ! ” and though the lump came, as of course it would, in this dear young lady’s throat, she pretended to herself that she did not care. You see, she was still angry over Everard’s teasing, for she was no more fond of being teased than are the rest of us.

## CHAPTER II

*Yet not for clan nor kindred's cause  
Will I depart from honour's laws.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MISS AMY stood awhile upon the steps looking out into the moonlight, dreamily conscious of the softly sighing night and the vague monotone of the rustling tree-tops. While she stood there, her conscience — poor thing! — crept pitifully back to her. She had whisked it away to a great distance by that wholesome boxing of Everard's ear. But although she was subject to outbursts of temper which she called penitently her "tantrums," their duration was short. Like the fellow in the song, who "bobbed up serenely" after every plunge into the deeps — forgive the image! — back came her conscience after every tantrum inevitably as a pendulum.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself," she thought. "I'm the meanest girl I know.

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Why should I say such harsh things about Vincent? I don't love him — of course not — but he's always been so sweet to me, and we've had such good times together, and I ought to treat him kindly and be nice in what I say about him, no matter what happens. And I told such a big fib when I said I did n't care whether he was a colonel or not. I do care. If he *will* fight for tyranny, I hope, at least, that he becomes a great soldier. I am so glad he has risen in rank. How mean it was to sneer because he is only a major! Oh" — she stamped her little foot, and her eyes snapped in vexation against herself, — "oh, I am so ashamed!"

She turned into the house and had paused just beyond the threshold, her eye seized momentarily by the bright doorway at the end of the hall, when another thought assailed her. Had not Everard said that Vincent could be here in ten hours? In the present need of troops, since the Confederates were sweeping triumphantly northward, of course he would be summoned. That meant he would be a part of the Armageddon. Everard's lurid vision flashed again before her, but this time with Vincent in the thick of it. She saw him

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borne backward among the broken, fleeing  
Federals. Perhaps —

She covered her face with her hands and dropped upon a settle. Strive as she would, she saw his face, white and silent, with lips that would speak to her never again. She shuddered and came nearer to discovering her own heart, despite all disguises of that troubled will of hers, than ever she had before.

Do I hear some one say that this young lady is too emotional? Well, I am a faithful historian, I must tell the truth about her, like it who may; but it happens also that I am willing to defend her. It is all very good in the sunshine of happy lives to judge harshly of the afflicted. But imagine, my dear doubter, how differently things would look, did your own vague knowledge that many people must suffer change suddenly into the realisation that *you* shall be one of the many? That has been asked before, but it can never be asked too often. In the case of Miss Amy Golding, consider what her troubles mean when you translate them into your own life. If you happen to be a man, put yourself back to the age of seventeen; if you are a woman, re-

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main where you are in your immortal youth ;  
and then tell me, Is she too emotional ?

Consider the things with which, in her place, you would have to contend. You also, in your own person, must have known what it is to be far from the loved ones in peril. And when that occurred did not your heart flutter at every thought of them, like the quivering of an aspen ? Passing to the vaster subject, — where, I trust, at whatever cost to my convincingness, you have only your imagination to accompany you, and no freight of the dead ash of experience, — was your heart ever filled with a great affection which you were striving despairingly to pluck up by the roots ? As a scientific historian and observer of many experiences, I assure you that in this matter all testimony has but one voice. The plucking up may be done sometimes, but it is like the throes of death, a dying unto the hope that is as life itself, to arise, in some other frame of mind, to we know not what. And then, to make it all still harder, for sober fact has a trick of complicating our situations in a most detestable manner, did you ever feel a divided allegiance, ever realise what it was to have each wish for the success of one of the Beloved

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amount to a prayer for the destruction of the other? But all these, no matter what she admitted to herself or did not admit, were parts of the sorrow of Amy Golding. To my mind, having thought upon all these, there is nothing strange in the frequency of the contention among her feelings.

But is the doubter still unsatisfied? Does some Stoic mutter in his beard that she sheds too many tears? If that be so, the objection is light as air. This time she is not crying. Tears are like the commodities in economies, there must not only be a demand but a supply. Healthy youth cannot expend them unlimitedly. Neither can it be miserable in defiance of its own nature. It has, in a way, an automatic physical balance. When it passes a certain point, its capacity to be miserable decreases like the ebbing of a wave, not to resume the flood until restored energies will sustain a resurgence of feeling. The wretched day when the mind can suffer in exhaustion as keenly as in vigour has not yet come.

Because of that, because she was still a charmingly healthy girl, one who loved her horses as herself, who, had the War ended the next day, would have celebrated it by

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dancing a whole night in an intoxication of joy, Miss Amy could not now feel the same intensity of alarm she had felt in the talk with Everard. Her nature was too relaxed to receive the impression. In a few moments the choking surprise of that first thought upon the presence of Vincent in Armageddon melted away in the general slackness of the tired sensibilities. She rose wearily, heaved a long sigh, and said to herself, —

“Oh, well, I won’t think about it — not for to-night anyhow. I can’t do anything, no matter how much I want to. Dear Vincent, I hope — I do hope — it will be all right.”

What the “it” stood for, she would probably have explained in obvious ways. But while the brain has one set of antecedents for its pronouns, the heart often, in defiance of everything, has another. For the present, let the brain and heart of Miss Amy Golding fight it out between them.

Meanwhile let us follow her eyes as she turns them down the length of the hall toward the dining-room. They rest upon a goodly show. As that was before the days when man relapsed into a harsh chiaroscuro for evening dress, the group around the table



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was pleasant to behold. Most of them were Miss Amy's kinsmen, and even in her tantrums, despite the burning against them in her heart, she felt a touch of pride that they were her own. Of course, if anything arose to challenge her directly upon her allegiance, she would dash that pride away, just as she had, a moment before, whisked aside her conscience; but the pride, no less than the conscience, would inevitably return. And the men — or most of them — were worthy of it. As they sat there, in that old-fashioned handsomeness of attire; their beautiful waistcoats belting the table like a fallen rainbow; the coats not always black, — one a deep plum colour, another hunter's green, — with the oldest of the guests, an unbending conservative who had seen Washington, wearing the blue coat and brass buttons, the lemon-coloured skin-tight trousers, the multitude of cambric ruffles, in which he stubbornly persisted, — as they sat there, fingering the stems of their wineglasses or smelling or sipping that fine old Madeira, they had a quality in face and bearing that was in keeping with the rest, with the subdued richness of colour, with the large room whose corners were as caves of shadow, the twinkling silver candlesticks, and the wax tapers.

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But it is a great mistake to suppose that any day or generation is invariably heroic or invariably fine-looking. Let no one complain of Phidias, but beneath his divine frieze sober history parades the character of Alcibiades, and examines the bust of Socrates with its squat nose. In comparison with Athens I am dealing with small things, and that group about the table contained neither Alcibiades nor Socrates, nor a squat nose, any more than the present writer has the remotest kinship with Phidias. It is true, however, that the group had its own touch of the unheroic, also of the unhandsome, and, I am sorry to add, the unsympathetic. Tom Kainson, — as everybody called him, though he was forty-six years old, — while of faultless courage, had with his mental hesitation that too clear vision of the *pro* and *con* which spoils a man for conventional heroism. However, it is not he with whom I am just now concerned. The touch of the unsympathetic beacons like a dry flame in the eye of the stern old gentleman with that multitude of fine ruffles, and I may add beacons there especially when he happened to look at Kainson, — though the latter was his nephew, the only son of his only brother, — while not only

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the unsympathetic but the unhandsome also had ensphered itself in a florid little man, with a shining bald head, a deposit of hair behind the ears, and a positive, petulant manner, — Mr. Phineas Drake.

It was this little man who arrested Amy's eye and led her to stop at the foot of the stairs and watch him. What in the world was he doing? He was taking no part just then in the talk, and seemed engrossed in his queer occupation. He had the look of a man who has been worsted in argument and feels a contempt for the judgments of this world. Watching him, Amy knit her brows, which was her method of looking closely, and then for a moment, had we been there to see, that piquant tilt of her nose would have become delightfully evident. Her lips parted. Her eyes grew wide and mirthful. She thrust her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing.

Mr. Drake's waistcoat was of a sort of wine-coloured satin sprinkled over with embroidered sprigs of orange, — strange combination, it may seem, though no stranger than some in our own day, — and the petulant little man, who had lost his temper in a discussion with Enfield Dayton, had taken a dislike to his sprigs. In

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his vehemence, earlier in the evening, he had knocked over a glass of wine, and later, when he retired sulkily into himself, he had noticed that its stain was the exact colour of his waistcoat. Then he had spilled some more upon a plate, and now, as Amy watched him out of the dark of the hall, he dipped a testy finger into the wine and solemnly stained out one of the sprigs; he dipped again and stained again, dipped and stained.

But while the performance itself was surprising enough, the cause, to the girl in the hall, could have scarcely been comprehensible. Nevertheless, had Miss Amy been in the habit of putting two and two together and reasoning inductively, — a thing which she never did, — she would have discovered presently that the staining of the sprigs was remotely inspired by herself. For the discussion in which Mr. Drake had been worsted, which had spoiled his temper and driven him to take refuge in staining sprigs as a relief for feeling, had turned upon Amy Golding.

Of course, she was not eavesdropping — I blush if I have presented her so crudely that any one could suppose she was. To be sure, the hall happening to be dark, she was com-

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pletely invisible; but that was an accident. The doors of the dining-room being wide open and the gentlemen talking in their usual tones, there were no secrets from any one. Amy had stopped to overlook them, without one thought as to what she was doing, because it was her instinct to act impulsively and never to reason until circumstances compelled it. She was so amused by the silence of Mr. Drake, by the novelty of his occupation, that she did not notice a pause which had fallen upon the company. But she gave a great start when the old gentleman in the ruffles suddenly broke the silence by saying, —

“To come back, Enfield, to one of the points upon which you were remarking some time ago, if you will excuse my bluntness, I consider you wholly in error about your granddaughter.”

“I think he’s crazy,” snapped Mr. Drake, and stained out another sprig.

Amy caught her breath and her eye darkened. The tilt disappeared from her nose. Were they talking about her? She forgot that they were her kinsmen, and remembered only that they were her enemies, the tyrannical Federals.

She looked indignantly at the old man in the

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ruffles. Well as she knew his face and his slight but authoritative figure, she had never realised before how sternly set were all his features, how their smoothly shaven folds of flesh were lean and firm as iron. He was sitting a trifle apart, with his side to the table, one leg thrown over the other, and an air of severe meditation on his inflexible features. When his lips parted and he spoke again, his mouth was rigid.

“If I were you, Phineas,” said he, sharply, “I’d remember that personalities are odious. If I were Enfield, I’d remember that Paul commanded women to submit themselves unto their husbands, and therefore daughters to submit themselves unto their fathers, and as to granddaughters —”

He made a contemptuous wave of his hand as if approaching a subject of no importance at all. As he did so, he glanced pointedly at his nephew, who seemed to avoid his eye. It was plain there was trouble between these two. Before, however, he could continue, a lofty-looking, dark-eyed old man who sat at Mr. Dayton’s left — his brother-in-law, Mr. David Geraldin — interrupted, speaking with measured accent in a grave sweet voice, —

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"But it appears to me, Walter, you are putting the servant before the Master, the Epistle before the Golden Rule. If there had been anything to gain by the singing of the song—to gain, that is, in the sense of securing the right against the wrong,—I should have desired that it be sung, and so would Enfield here; but since there was no such issue involved, and it was only a matter of our own pleasure, I hold, with Enfield, that we should consider the child's feelings and do unto others as we would that others do to us."

In the darkness of the hall Amy puckered her brow, wondering what they could be talking about. She had forgotten for a moment the fragment of the "Star Spangled Banner" at which she had thrust her fingers into her ears an hour and a half before.

"Patriotic!" said Mr. Drake, testily.

"Verily," said Mr. Geraldin, "if, of course, we believe in the New Testament. If we take our ideas of patriotism from, say, the Book of Judges, we may look upon things in a different light, but if we get them from Christ, we must take to heart the commandment to love our enemies. We may feel it is our duty to resist them even with the sword, but

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we must do so in love, not in hatred. We must take the sword as a surgeon would take his knife; otherwise, they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

"Humph! David," said the old man, who was General Walter Kainson, "you're a lawyer —"

"Personalities!" interjected Mr. Drake.

"Phineas," thundered the General, wheeling upon him, "don't interrupt me."

Mr. Drake glared at the table before him and went doggedly on, staining out his sprigs.

"You're a lawyer," continued General Kainson to Geraldin, "and you reason like a lawyer. You are too literal. You ignore the actual world. In real life we must have well-trained, obedient men and women, whether in church or state, and to have them we must have docile children. Now, when we started the National hymn —"

Amy remembered, all at once, the sound of that first line of the "Star Spangled Banner."

"And Enfield suddenly interrupted because he had forgotten that the girl was at home to-night, and he was afraid it would distress her imagination, what is firmly impressed upon my mind is the belief that he is permitting



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the proper relations to be reversed, giving to the child the prominence that belongs to the parent."

His eye left Geraldin and rested sternly on the Major, whose lax rule of his two sons he could not forgive, and he thundered on, —

"He is forgetting the commandment with promise. He is substituting sentiment for duty."

"Honour thy children and thy grandchildren," said Mr. Drake, sarcastically, "that their parents' days, I suppose, not their own, shall be long in the land."

Mr. Geraldin smiled and there was a rich twinkle in his eye as he said quietly, —

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Humph!" said both the paternalists in a breath.

"Diamond cut diamond," said Tom Kainson; and his uncle scowled at him.

All this time Mr. Dayton had quietly stroked his beard. He had leaned back in his chair and was looking with bright, grim eyes from his brother-in-law to old Walter Kainson and back to Geraldin.

In the hall Amy Golding listened open-

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eyed out of sheer amazement. She comprehended, at last, that they had started to sing the national hymn of the Republic; that her grandfather, to save her Confederate feelings, had interrupted, and that two of the company had thereby been put out. She had said impulsively to herself, —

“Dear old grandpapa, that was just like you!”

But she was not in a soft mood with regard to that grim old Kainson senior, nor to that exceptionally bad-tempered little gentleman, Mr. Phineas Drake. She had listened gratefully, however, to the rich voice, the gravely commanding tone, of her grand-uncle, Mr. Geraldin, though she thought that his son — her uncle William Geraldin, sixth of the diners — might also have stood up for her.

But Miss Amy was now very weary. She had turned to go up the stairs when the sound of her grandfather's voice arrested her. Glancing again at the dining-room, she saw that he had straightened himself in his chair and there was a shine in his eyes. Being of a hasty disposition and seventy-one years old, he waged constant war with his temper, but, unlike Mr. Drake, he was constantly winning the victory.

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To-night he had mastered it, and instead of fulminating for his convictions, he cleared his throat and began sonorously to recite poetry.

In those fine days the busiest practical man had his favourite poet. Scott and Byron were still the great luminaries, and to Mr. Enfield Dayton "The Lady of the Lake" was the greatest poem since Milton. He could quote it by the page. How his eye would sparkle, his voice ring, in the militant passages! Now he began that noble speech in which Roderick Dhu sums up in concrete illustration the very essence of the gentleman. Amy's breath quickened, for she loved to hear her grandfather recite Scott; but she smiled also, for she knew that when once started there was no telling where he would end. He was mouthing deeply, —

"Stranger I am to Roderick Dhu,  
A kinsman born, a clansman true," —

his voice rolled soundingly on, until presently it leaped up like the blast of a trumpet through the glorious couplet, —

"But not for clan nor kindred's cause  
Will I depart from honour's laws."

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It continued in sustained commandingness as he declaimed, —

“To assail a weary man were shame,  
And stranger is a holy name;  
Guidance and rest and food and fire  
In vain he never must require.”

Those lines had very slight connection with any point Mr. Dayton was going to make, but it was not in his nature to refuse the opportunity to quote them. That done, he leaped clear into the next canto and continued, —

“Thou art my guest, I pledge my word  
As far as Coilantogle ford:  
Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
For aid against one valiant hand,  
Though on our strife hung every vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.”

There he paused; his eye was bright, his face flushed—for what joy is there like declaiming one's favourite poet! David Geraldin with similarly bright eyes clapped his hands, eager as a boy. But old Kainson put out his lower lip and said curtly, —

“Good poetry — of course.”

Within he was sternly wroth, for he was

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not a man of words and he had no reply to Scott. It took all his sense of manners to continue speaking calmly to his host. His eye wandered to his nephew, and the latent animosity in it blazed.

"You old ruffian," said Amy under her breath, "I'm going right to bed before you spoil things."

She blew a kiss at her grandfather and ran up the stairs. Had she lingered another moment she would have heard him say,—

"There, Walter, is my justification. If a wild Highlander feels like that towards a mortal enemy, how should I feel toward my little granddaughter? Ah, what poetry that is!"

"I hope Miss Golding admires Sir Walter Scott," muttered Drake.

Hitherto Major Tom Kainson had been exceedingly circumspect. There was a standing quarrel between himself and his uncle, not only with regard to the rule of his sons, but as to the Major's political vacillation as well, and he would not provoke the elder wantonly. But he had been annoyed by his uncle's harshness about the song, and more than once he had been on the verge of throwing out some

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gibe at the old man's faith in his own side. Now, before he was aware, the gibe flashed out, in answer to that hostile glare of his uncle.

"That is the kind of patriotism I believe in," said he; "if men believed that way nowadays and were not so much bigots and fools, I'd take a different view of the present war."

The word of destiny was out. He had defied his uncle when the latter was already chafed to the danger line, and in one great scowl rang back the rejoinder,—

"I notice, sir, your view of war is entirely from a distance. A more courageous attitude might change things."

The Major flushed and looked down, for the sneer in his uncle's voice was biting. Every man at the table felt it and winced. In the nephew it cut deep and remained rankling. There was a moment of awkward pause, and then the talk drifted to other matters.

Now I do not mean to imply that Walter Kainson was what Amy called him, a ruffian. He was a most precise old gentleman who wore every ruffle exactly as he had worn it for thirty years. But in age he belonged almost

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to the generation before that of Dayton and Geraldin, and in temper was still farther back. Though he knew the phraseology of Calvinism, he had no idea of religion beyond the eighteenth-century one, which was perfunctory church-going. He had an exaggerated idea of the prerogatives of the elder members of a family. In the present case, he had been controlling his sharp temper the whole evening because of the respect due to his host. But when Major Tom interfered, his uncle felt that *there* he had rights of chastisement; he gave vent to his feelings and dealt the fierce blow. Come not between the lioness and her whelps, nor a stern old man and his prerogatives.

Let us leave him and his companions, hoping that they will pursue more neutral topics, and follow Amy to her room. She has thrown herself into bed, but not yet is she ready for sleep. She is sitting up in the midst of her bed, and her hands linking themselves together fall aimlessly upon the coverlid. She gazes out through the half dusk of her room to the white flood of the moonshine, and ever the voice of her grandfather rings sweetly in her ears. Both Vincent and her father pass mo-

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mentarily from her mind, and now she is thinking fondly of the patient, detailed care with which, ever since her father left, her grandfather has protected her. She understands it to-night after the harshness of old General Kainson, as never before. What a dear old grandfather he is, and also what a gallant gentleman!

She remembered his parting with her father, that day when Colonel Golding, his face white, had said that his duty was now plain, that the war was an iniquitous breach of the constitution, he must go South and fight for freedom. The old man, who stood six feet two in his stockings, had sprung to his full height, and his "Sir!" had echoed through every room in the house. There had been high words and angry, and her heart fluttered as she remembered that it was her name which had stilled them. "I must leave Amy in your care," her father had said, and her grandfather had stopped short in his striding about the room. For a space he had stood silent, tugging at his beard, a frowning statue. But before long his brows gradually smoothed themselves, and fixing his keen eyes upon Golding, he had said, "You will leave the



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child and go away to fight against us, and you really believe it is your duty?" "Yes," Golding had answered, choking, "I do." Then had come another silence. "Robert," the old man had burst out at last, tears quivering in his eyes, "forgive me. I had forgot what unhappiness this means to you. I was being cruel and stiffnecked with you. Your going cuts me like a knife, but if you believe it is your duty, go in God's name, and the Lord judge between me and thee. As to Amy, there shall nothing be said in this house that shall make her feel for one instant we are not of the same party."

Then those two brave men had gripped each other's hand, and Colonel Golding, though less emotional than his father-in-law, had also come near to tears. Before they loosed that clasp Mr. Dayton had said solemnly: "Robert, we may not meet again for a long time; it is conceivable that when we do meet it will be on opposite sides in battle; but fear naught for the child. And as for you and me, God forgive me for my hastiness. Who am I that I should not say, as David said to Saul, 'The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be

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upon thee' ? My son, if we must part now, let us call in the family and for the last time have prayers together." And then the whole household had trooped into the drawing-room, servants and everybody, and Amy had knelt with her father's arm around her, while her grandfather had prayed earnestly that the will of God might be made plain ; that whatsoever it was it might be done ; that not they, but the Lord, should be judge in all things. Never had the old man's voice rung more nobly than when at last he had lifted up the words of Isaiah, as if solemnly calling the Eternal to remember His promise, " And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people ; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks : nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Sitting there in her bed, her eyes dreaming to the moonlight, Amy hears it all and sees it again as plainly as before, and there falls upon her some hint of that eternal question, whether there is not some vaster and deeper division of men than this of nation or party, something beside which the ordinary allegiances are but

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foam on the wave. There comes again into her ears the memory of her grandfather's voice,—

“But not for clan nor kindred's cause  
Will I depart from honour's laws,” —

and she catches herself wondering whether it is so very bad to be a Federal, after all. But that is going too far! She has tricked herself into asking the one question too many that overturns the balance of her fancies and brings her back to earth. To be a Federal is to be a tyrant, and that is all there is about it. Nevertheless it is in a more serene spirit than she has known for many a day that at last she falls asleep and dreams, of course, of the man she does not love, — and never, never will, — of Vincent.

And while Miss Amy sleeps, and the great white moon swings silently over heaven; while below stairs the gentlemen still sit at wine, though they talk with greater circumspection, having now fair warning that old Kainson has reached his limit of sufferance; while young Everard and his friend Chesterton, with all their ambitious plans, wait impatiently for Major Tom to come home, — while all this is going

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forward that night of August thirtieth, the telegram has already been sent ordering Vincent Kainson to bring the Cambridge Rifles to Cincinnati immediately ; and back into Kentucky a detachment of Confederates are straining like tired hounds, hoping to reach Cincinnati before it can be garrisoned, and the man who urges them forward is Golding.

## CHAPTER III

*Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die?*

SHAKSPERE.

MISS AMY sleeps, the white moon-shine glimmers upon the town, the rows of Corinthian columns loom majestically, the stone cross of the cathedral swims upward in lustre, far, far into the night, and in the Dayton house Mr. David Geraldin has made the movement for breaking up. He is standing by his chair, answering in his rich voice some commonplaces upon the earliness of the hour. It is nearly Sunday morning.

To the historian there is a certain pathos about this moment, for the six men there present were destined never to sit at wine together again. The many-folded dragon of the war was to entangle them, separate them, and permit no reunion on earth. Already one messenger of destiny was waiting impatiently at the house of Thomas Kainson for the return of its master. Another had been despatched to Enfield Dayton. Black

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Care — as no historian can keep from quoting, sooner or later — does, indeed, ride on one saddle with the warrior, and for all these gentlemen, as events will show, fate had burdened the chargers heavily.

Now, Mr. Enfield Dayton, among other offices, held the presidency of "The Daily News," and at the office of his paper they have bethought themselves that he should have the news of Richmond. They have sent him word that the battle has been lost, that the Confederates have an open path to Cincinnati, and that the Governor at Columbus is telegraphing right and left for troops. This last bit of news has especial fitness, since General Kainson is in command of the local militia.

That is a wonderful old legend of the Dragon's Teeth, — how, wherever they were sown, sprang up fighting men. In this life dragon's teeth are plentiful; almost any kind of nature is the right soil for them; and fate sows frequently with a sweeping hand. These six men had all been ploughed and harrowed by circumstance, the slight disagreements of this last gathering were but the final dressing of the soil, and they were ready for the sowing of destiny. It needed but a sharp challenge

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upon their allegiance to turn the dinner-party into a camp, perhaps a divided one with its daggers drawn.

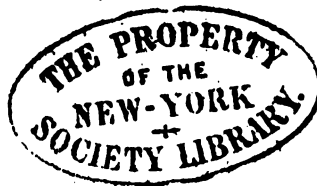
And the last moments of their stay had not been conducive to friendly feelings. The irruption of old Kainson's temper, which had so stung his nephew, had also affected all the others. Mr. Drake it had gratified, for he was the hopelessly commonplace with which opportunity has done its utmost and failed. It had angered Mr. Dayton. It had troubled the hearts of the two Geraldins, for it made them realise once more, what everybody knew, the political indecision of Major Tom, and both Geraldins, though as tender as women, were too much of the Old Régime to sympathise truly with doubters. To a gallant enemy, like Golding, they could say as Dayton had done, "The Lord judge between me and thee," but the man who knew not his own mind wounded them, when they cared for him, like a heart-ache.

Even on old Kainson himself that irruption had had its reacting effect. He saw plainly that of all the men at the table only Drake approved it, and for Drake he had a species of contempt. What provoked him most was

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the knowledge that none of his friends sympathised with Thomas, and yet that they could condemn the severe rebuke. It was as if they should find fault with him for spanking a child. It was all part of that nonsense of Dayton's over the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner." What sentimental bosh Enfield could talk on occasion! And the old man's mouth shut more grimly, the points of it sank into the jaw, the folds of his face became firmer than ever, his brow knit, and whenever he glanced at his nephew he scowled. If anything further should happen to provoke his anger, there would follow not a single sword-thrust but an avalanche.

The talk had gone on for some time, with the two Geraldins and Dayton doing most of it. Drake, having finished staining out his sprigs, devoted himself to his wine and to kneading crumbs of bread into balls, making hardly a pretence of interest. His small spirit, incapable of letting go a grievance, flattered itself that meanness was patriotism, and while he never did anything for the Republic, was always making quarrels over the Confederacy. The two Kainsons maintained, in vastly different moods, a pretence of interest. The





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old man kept his eye fixed upon whoever was speaking, nodded his head with monotonous regularity, and interjected perfunctorily, "Of course," "True," "Quite so." The Major spoke still less, trying to put sympathetic interest into his manner, and succeeding, because of his inward disquiet, very poorly. The moments had dragged on because neither Kainson would move to go, lest he should seem to be in a huff, and both Geraldins kept hoping that a few moments more would at last efface the sense of contention.

Meanwhile Tom Kainson had been going over in his own mind his case against his uncle, and all his uncle stood for. Your philosophic doubter, or rather your imaginative doubter, looking always through the shows of things to the Powers that are behind them, who, like Tom Kainson, sees every *pro* and *con*, is but too likely to lose himself in a high disdain of effort, to undervalue the human will, to say in his heart, "It is all foredoomed; the men who contend are but puppets; human life is a chessboard; the game is being played by the Unseen." In his own case his sympathies were all with the South, but his clear mental vision saw from

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the first how the war was going to go. Time and again he had said to himself, in his dreary isolation, thinking of his uncle and his sons and the Geraldins and Daytons, his kinsmen, "They are all passing by upon either hand and leaving me to myself, and they think in their folly that valour, heroism, or a righteous cause is what wins in war. They cannot see that every war ever fought was foredoomed from the first gunshot. It is all a matter of economics. It is when those great powers, vaster than the archangels — Thirst, Hunger, Nakedness, Disease — it is when these come into play that the scale turns. And in this war, when that real crisis overtakes us, economic forces, which have no more regard for valour than a steam-engine has, will cast the die for the Republic." With this high scorn in his mind, he bethought him once more of the deep bitterness of his long quarrel with his uncle, — how, at first, he had tried to defend his position, explain his fatalism; how his uncle had contemptuously scouted it, declaring that he was either mad or a coward, exhorting him to take one side or the other and be a man. And recalling all this, while the Geraldins still kept the talk limping, Tom

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Kainson thought bitterly of the pride he would feel could he in some way show that hard man, the old General, that it was possible to deny with courage as well as assert with courage.

And, indeed, that is true. There is no faith so subtly exacting of self-devotion as is that passion of negation which produces your agnostic. And such a phase of it as this of Kainson's, — how imaginative, how distinguished! How it appeals to the mind of pure intellect, — this severe removal from effort, this calm waiting upon destiny, this sad friendliness with whatever doom has been decreed to you! How picturesque and how unsatisfying — how insufficient to this world!

But I am getting far away from Mr. David Geraldin and his quiet insistence that it is time to be going. I may be excused, I think, for Tom Kainson was so little understood in his own day that it is a worthy labour to set him right in ours. His was not the temperament to be coveted; but God grant that now, when we have lost so much through the breakdown of the Old Régime, we have at least gained this, that we can comprehend a doubter, and see that the tragedy in the minor key, the sorrow

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that never speaks its pain, is sometimes the worst of all. Therefore, whatever my reader may do, I cannot but linger fondly upon the vision of this unfortunate man, knowing as I do what injustice he had received from his own kinsmen, what trials there were still in store for him.

I return to the dining-room and to David Geraldin. In this long pause, which I have made for my explanations, the messenger of destiny has come and gone. Mr. Geraldin still stands by his chair, but he has changed his position. His eyes are upon the door; so are the eyes of every man in the room. The tall figure of Mr. Dayton is striding back to his guests down the length of the hall,—for he had left them a moment to speak with the messenger at the front door.

Very seldom have the drums rolled and the trumpets blared over the greatest messages that have entered into men's lives. From the glimmer of light in a girl's eye that is the beginning of most things, to the gentle words in the Garden on Easter morn, in a thousand varying instances, the drums and trumpets come afterward. It was so now. Mr. Dayton told the direful news, the report that the enemy was

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hurrying unopposed toward their very gates, without excitement, and it was not until a moment had passed in silence—that last, last moment of the old order of things in the lives of all these—when the first of the warrior brood reared head from those dragon's teeth.

Old Kainson did not yet rise from his chair, nor even uncross his legs, but he stretched forth a clinched hand and struck it upon the table and his eyes blazed.

"Enfield," said he, sternly, "I will respect your views, however little I will tolerate such heresies in my own family,"—his eye went menacingly to his nephew,— "and I will not even now ask permission to sing the 'Star Spangled Banner.' But by God, sir!"—he was the only one of the older men who permitted himself to swear,— "by God, I will know who is with me and who is against me."

He paused an instant, his jaws squaring like granite, and his eye flashed from man to man, stabbing chiefly at his nephew: it rested upon his own glass of wine. His lips parted suddenly; a "Ha!" sounded between them; he pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. Seizing his glass, he lifted it arm's length above

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his head, — the gesture of brandishing a sword rather than of proposing a toast, — and fixing his stern eyes upon Thomas, his voice rang like a challenge with these words, —

“The Republic, one and indivisible, now and forever.”

Three men — Mr. Dayton, Mr. Geraldin, and the General — were thus upon their feet. In an instant Mr. Drake and William Geraldin were standing also. In the space of a single breath all five had their glasses lifted, and an inarticulate sound of assent had united them as by the swearing of an oath.

But one man kept his seat. That was the moment when Thomas Kainson showed how little of the coward could be found in his nature. By doing it he became one of the martyrs of negation for whom the world has no laurels, for his remaining seated was not an acceptance of the Confederacy — not yet, that is — only a rejection of the Republic.

I have always believed that every one of the five who raised eager glasses at the toast to the Republic knew in their hearts that Tom Kainson would reject it. Their eyes had gone to him instantly as their glasses rose. He was sitting perfectly still, his eyes upon his wine,

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one hand upon the table, the other hanging listless at his side.

There followed, with the five glasses held in air, a moment of utter pause. The tapers, some of which were burning low, flared a little, and the silver candlesticks twinkled in the light. The ticking of the hall clock sounded sharp like sword strokes. The glasses wavered a little in air, and Mr. Drake spilled a drop of wine upon his wrist.

Suddenly Mr. Dayton lowered his glass and set it before him on the table. All the rest — old Kainson last of all — did the same. Enfield Dayton could not drink the toast which one of his guests rejected.

There was another moment of dead silence.

Then Tom Kainson lifted his eyes. They were grave and his mouth was bitter. What right had his friends, and particularly his uncle, to make so much of this trifling incident? However, there was no retreat. He had no intention to declare for the Confederacy, but he would not be false to his doubts, he would not accept the Republic, and if they chose to misunderstand, why, that was just what his uncle, at least, had done all along. He bowed and said stiffly, —

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"Gentlemen, I must not interrupt. Good-night."

He turned to go.

"Thomas," thundered his uncle, "do you know that this is treason?"

The Major turned his head, a disdainful smile flashed in his face, and he said, —

"Is it treason to refuse a glass of wine?"

He had moved a little way from the table, and the other five had gathered accidentally to the farther side. There they stood, the five men of faith, — the fact that they were all of one party was but accident, — and over against them, the single man of doubt.

The quick imagination of Thomas Kainson saw that deeper line of division beside which this accidental division by party seemed slight and superficial, and the scene in which he stood became to him one incident in the eternal warfare between orthodoxy and scepticism, between formalism and freedom. He stepped to the table and struck his hand upon it. He hardly grasped his uncle's sneer, —

"What a capital lawyer you'd make!"

"This is not treason," said he, proudly. "I will not drink to the Republic because I do not know where I stand. I give my alle-



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giance to absolute honesty. I believe this war is unjust, and my heart is with the South, but I also believe — I do not believe, I *know* — that the South will be hopelessly beaten. The economic conditions are against her. All her valour will do will be to make her sufferings greater. We of the North will prevail, not through bravery nor through genius, but because our resources will enable us to feed our armies for a greater length of time. Call that treason if you want to, but I assert, and shall continue to assert, the right of a conscientious doubter to stand neutral."

It was a sort of gospel which no other man in that room comprehended. Four of them said nothing. But the old autocrat answered grimly, —

"Major Kainson, there is a train at three o'clock in the morning for Columbus. I have seen some fighting in my day, — a good deal of it before you were born, — and I shall take that train, offer my services to the Governor, and I expect to return to-morrow night. I warn you to make up your mind before that time. I shall ask the Governor to appoint me Provost Marshal. I have no doubt he will do it, and if he does, I'll see that there are

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no conscientious neutrals nor any other kind of neutrals in this city. And if I cannot proclaim martial law, at least I'll get some sort of authority that shall cover *you*. I'll draft you into service or send you through the Lines as a suspected character the moment I return."

He paused, took out a gold snuff-box which he always carried but seldom used, and deliberately filled his nostrils. He continued with acrid scorn, —

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“The Republic, one and indivisible, now and forever.”

## CHAPTER IV

*Ev'n now we hear with inward strife  
A motion toiling in the gloom —  
The spirit of the years to come  
Yearning to mix himself with life.*

*The warders of the growing hour,  
But vague in vapour, hard to mark;  
And round them sea and air are dark  
With great contrivances of Power.*

TENNISON.

THE man who grounded me in the fundamentals of the Calvinistic religion used to say that great men were either Calvinists or fatalists. "Napoleon," he would say, "was not a Calvinist, — no; but he was a fatalist." That was said at a time, years after the events in this history, when Thomas Kainson was taking all us youngsters into agnosticism. I listened respectfully, for I loved that man of God and had once believed every word he said, but inwardly I went with the rest and fol-

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lowed Kainson and rebelled. "Mere old-school egoism," I thought, and went my ways.

But since then, looking back into Kainson's own character, and putting his story together, partly from the versions of other actors in the drama, partly from his own reminiscence, I think I see what the Calvinist meant. That boundless confidence in the eventual victory which so easily hardens into fatalism or formalises into predestination, — that is what most of the great men have.

Now Kainson had abandoned Calvinism, but, like Napoleon, he had accepted fatalism; then why did he not prevail? He lacked faith. His emotional nature was too evenly balanced; there was none of that stress of imperious energies which drives forward your master mind. Napoleon and Calvin, in their brains, may each have had a creed that could be spelled into Fate; but each, in his emotions, had the indestructible energy that is faith, and therefore they were Napoleon and Calvin.

Fine old Tom Kainson, too purely intellectual for any great rôle in the active world, with an imagination too keenly alive to the weakness and futilities of mankind, stood irresolute and

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that never speaks its pain, is sometimes the worst of all. Therefore, whatever my reader may do, I cannot but linger fondly upon the vision of this unfortunate man, knowing as I do what injustice he had received from his own kinsmen, what trials there were still in store for him.

I return to the dining-room and to David Geraldin. In this long pause, which I have made for my explanations, the messenger of destiny has come and gone. Mr. Geraldin still stands by his chair, but he has changed his position. His eyes are upon the door; so are the eyes of every man in the room. The tall figure of Mr. Dayton is striding back to his guests down the length of the hall,—for he had left them a moment to speak with the messenger at the front door.

Very seldom have the drums rolled and the trumpets blared over the greatest messages that have entered into men's lives. From the glimmer of light in a girl's eye that is the beginning of most things, to the gentle words in the Garden on Easter morn, in a thousand varying instances, the drums and trumpets come afterward. It was so now. Mr. Dayton told the direful news, the report that the enemy was

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hurrying unopposed toward their very gates, without excitement, and it was not until a moment had passed in silence—that last, last moment of the old order of things in the lives of all these—when the first of the warrior brood reared head from those dragon's teeth.

Old Kainson did not yet rise from his chair, nor even uncross his legs, but he stretched forth a clinched hand and struck it upon the table and his eyes blazed.

“Enfield,” said he, sternly, “I will respect your views, however little I will tolerate such heresies in my own family,”—his eye went menacingly to his nephew,—“and I will not even now ask permission to sing the ‘Star Spangled Banner.’ But by God, sir!”—he was the only one of the older men who permitted himself to swear,—“by God, I will know who is with me and who is against me.”

He paused an instant, his jaws squaring like granite, and his eye flashed from man to man, stabbing chiefly at his nephew: it rested upon his own glass of wine. His lips parted suddenly; a “Ha!” sounded between them; he pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. Seizing his glass, he lifted it arm's length above

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his head, — the gesture of brandishing a sword rather than of proposing a toast, — and fixing his stern eyes upon Thomas, his voice rang like a challenge with these words, —

“The Republic, one and indivisible, now and forever.”

Three men — Mr. Dayton, Mr. Geraldin, and the General — were thus upon their feet. In an instant Mr. Drake and William Geraldin were standing also. In the space of a single breath all five had their glasses lifted, and an inarticulate sound of assent had united them as by the swearing of an oath.

But one man kept his seat. That was the moment when Thomas Kainson showed how little of the coward could be found in his nature. By doing it he became one of the martyrs of negation for whom the world has no laurels, for his remaining seated was not an acceptance of the Confederacy — not yet, that is — only a rejection of the Republic.

I have always believed that every one of the five who raised eager glasses at the toast to the Republic knew in their hearts that Tom Kainson would reject it. Their eyes had gone to him instantly as their glasses rose. He was sitting perfectly still, his eyes upon his wine,



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one hand upon the table, the other hanging listless at his side.

There followed, with the five glasses held in air, a moment of utter pause. The tapers, some of which were burning low, flared a little, and the silver candlesticks twinkled in the light. The ticking of the hall clock sounded sharp like sword strokes. The glasses wavered a little in air, and Mr. Drake spilled a drop of wine upon his wrist.

Suddenly Mr. Dayton lowered his glass and set it before him on the table. All the rest—old Kainson last of all—did the same. Enfield Dayton could not drink the toast which one of his guests rejected.

There was another moment of dead silence.

Then Tom Kainson lifted his eyes. They were grave and his mouth was bitter. What right had his friends, and particularly his uncle, to make so much of this trifling incident? However, there was no retreat. He had no intention to declare for the Confederacy, but he would not be false to his doubts, he would not accept the Republic, and if they chose to misunderstand, why, that was just what his uncle, at least, had done all along. He bowed and said stiffly, —

## They that Took the Sword

"Gentlemen, I must not interrupt. Good-night."

He turned to go.

"Thomas," thundered his uncle, "do you know that this is treason?"

The Major turned his head, a disdainful smile flashed in his face, and he said, —

"Is it treason to refuse a glass of wine?"

He had moved a little way from the table, and the other five had gathered accidentally to the farther side. There they stood, the five men of faith, — the fact that they were all of one party was but accident, — and over against them, the single man of doubt.

The quick imagination of Thomas Kainson saw that deeper line of division beside which this accidental division by party seemed slight and superficial, and the scene in which he stood became to him one incident in the eternal warfare between orthodoxy and scepticism, between formalism and freedom. He stepped to the table and struck his hand upon it. He hardly grasped his uncle's sneer, —

"What a capital lawyer you'd make!"

"This is not treason," said he, proudly. "I will not drink to the Republic because I do not know where I stand. I give my alle-

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giance to absolute honesty. I believe this war is unjust, and my heart is with the South, but I also believe—I do not believe, I *know*—that the South will be hopelessly beaten. The economic conditions are against her. All her valour will do will be to make her sufferings greater. We of the North will prevail, not through bravery nor through genius, but because our resources will enable us to feed our armies for a greater length of time. Call that treason if you want to, but I assert, and shall continue to assert, the right of a conscientious doubter to stand neutral.”

It was a sort of gospel which no other man in that room comprehended. Four of them said nothing. But the old autocrat answered grimly,—

“Major Kainson, there is a train at three o'clock in the morning for Columbus. I have seen some fighting in my day,—a good deal of it before you were born,—and I shall take that train, offer my services to the Governor, and I expect to return to-morrow night. I warn you to make up your mind before that time. I shall ask the Governor to appoint me Provost Marshal. I have no doubt he will do it, and if he does, I'll see that there are

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let Fate decide for him. And Fate was doing it with a vengeance. She has a way of going swiftly, when she once starts, and of doing things handsomely, — as is natural in a female, — and already, as we have seen, consequences had arisen, almost, as it appeared to Kainson, out of nothing. That old tyrant, his uncle, demanding an allegiance to one side or the other, figured in the Major's mind for the very Moloch of intellectual conformity.

"Confound him," said Thomas Kainson to himself, "can't he see that life is not organised on a military basis? Nations are not mere armies where every man has a definite place and there is no room for hesitation. Why can't he let me alone? What difference does it make to his cause if one man in Cincinnati sits quietly at home and takes neither side?"

The martyr to negation is as blind as other martyrs, and now, when circumstances had set this one in full antagonism to his persecutor, when rack and wheel were thrust, metaphorically, in his face, he exhibited the fundamental quality shown by all martyrs except the few divine ones. He ceased to comprehend the reasons of his enemies. There had been a time when he could look upon his uncle as



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the inevitable consequence of his temperament and his circumstances. Gradually, in the stress of persecution, that calm and correct view had been leaving him. Now it disappeared. He thought of old Walter only as the harsh ego-tist, who proclaimed wantonly, "Orthodoxy is my doxy, hetrodoxy is thine." The fierce though controlled enthusiasms, that idolatry of the Roman virtues — obedience, decision, will — which had once, to Thomas Kainson, seemed a terribleness of the picturesque, changed now into commonplace hard-heartedness. He thought of himself as sending forth the old cry of the philosopher, his defiance of an idolatrous world, "Though you worship your stocks and stones, you shall not compel *me* to do likewise." And back out of the night his imagination heard the voice of his uncle, "I am the world, and I *will* compel thee."

It was in such a mood that Major Tom said "Good-night" to William Geraldin, and strolled on by himself. Outwardly he was the same calm man he always was, — a very goodly man to look at. He wore no overcoat, and his closely fitting claw-hammer dress-coat — which, by the way, was blue cloth,

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lined throughout with white satin; that coat still lives and I have seen it many a time — showed well his stalwart, athletic figure, which was huge in the shoulders, but spare. There was no waste flesh, no buffer of kindly fat, on his large bones. As he walked along, however, his hands in their dark blue gloves linked behind him, his eyes upon the pavement or glancing aimlessly into those of a passer-by, his face was older than usual, the gray of his eyes and the gray of his mustache more of a shade, and his mouth more plainly than ever not the mouth of the man of action.

As he walked, he fell to thinking of his two sons, and again the bitterness against his uncle welled within him. He said to himself, —

“Did I not let him have my eldest for his cause? Have I ever taken the slightest advantage of him or his party? And what return does he make? I could have sent Vincent into the Confederate army if I had chosen to do it,— my boys love the crook of my finger, —and because I have left him impartially to his destiny, because I cannot shut my eyes as those others do to the irresistible powers that make all war a mere mockery of free will, because I will not meddle with my own

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fate, Walter Kainson will denounce me as a traitor."

He walked on a space farther, and his thoughts again shaped themselves into complaints, —

"It is a pretty patriotism that prefers an enemy to a neutral. It is a fine logic that will drive a man into the opposite camp rather than let him dwell in peace outside your own."

Then came the true tone of the disdainful agnostic, and he thought, —

"We are very lordly, we mortals! We have such a noble opinion of ourselves! We are always right, our opponents are always wrong. We do such grand things on this little chess-board of life, we play at the little game of war — we amusing little Pawns and Knights and Kings! And when the Unseen that is doing the real playing sweeps the game through some bewildering gambit and our opponents scatter from the board, we think that *we* have prevailed."

He relapsed into a less lofty tone as he thought, —

"And so I must make my choice. I must bow to my uncle's whims or go over to his enemies. I must let him set his heel upon

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my neck, take arms against my sympathies and my affections, or I must bid him defiance and make war upon the Inevitable."

He shook his head superbly — physically there was something leonine about him — and muttered, —

"Pish! Battles of kites and crows."

He turned and began to walk toward his house. It was that large Doric mansion, of which I spoke in the beginning, which still stands, though now gone to rack and ruin. When Major Kainson reached the foot of those long stone stairs which led to his house, he paused and looking upward saw the great row of columns high above him, swimming forth colossal into the moonshine. His eye swept the series of terraces, the weather-beaten stone urns, the broad stairs, the house itself. It was all as it had been when he was a boy, when his father used to sit in the portico and tell him a thousand dear old things, — his own early adventures, the stories of classical mythology, the events of the Old Testament, the great achievements of Washington. The house was just the same, but how all the rest of the world had changed! He thought of his uncle and frowned. He thought of his

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wife, that beautiful little woman whom Everard called the Vixen, and his face did not lighten. He ascended the steps wearily.

But as he went upward there descended to him a whoop of delight, and Everard came bounding down. He caught his father's arm and hurried his footsteps.

"There's a gentleman here to see you, father," cried the boy, in a tone for whose loudness Major Kainson could not yet see a cause; "he has been here ever so long."

Naïve Everard was playing the diplomat. He was doing it with a transparency not uncommon in him. In fact, he was so transparent, there was so little reality in the pointed intimation that the visitor was a stranger to him — an intimation for the benefit of his stepmother who sat on the portico — that the courtly gentleman, in the shadow of a column, who was talking to that piquant little woman, felt called on to observe, —

"Your stepson has a stimulating amount of spirit, ma'am. At my age we appreciate such things, but at yours" — he bowed — "it is possible that their blessedness has not yet become apparent."

"La me," laughed Mrs. Kainson, and her

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voice tinkled like a bell, "give me spirits every time."

She pushed her chair a little to one side to escape the encroaching shadow of the column, and the visitor, smiling slightly, moved also, while Everard and his father came nearer up the long stair. The two in the portico had been sidling in this way — she keeping just in advance of the shadow, he just within it — for the last hour. As she settled again in her chair, assuming a graceful negligent pose, she rolled her wide-open violet eyes and said confidently, —

"But it's ever so good of you to pretend not to see how old I am getting. Do you know" — she sighed ruefully, and made a kittenish mouth at him, which somehow made him think of a pretty milkmaid — "it's a very shameful thing to say, but I am so fond of eating and I know I'll be fat very soon. What do you think would become of me if I got fat? *Could* I still — still — you know — make people like me?"

It was her pose to every one except her husband and his sons, to whom the pussy cat showed her real nature, to be naïve. To some young men her shallow coquetry was a fascina-

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tion. But the grave man in the shadow, who wore when he pleased the ribbon of the Legion of Honour given him for distinguished medical services in the Crimea, was heartily bored by her. He escaped answering the question by saying, —

“Ah — here is Major Kainson.”

“Yes,” she rattled, without changing her pose though the visitor had risen. “Good-evening, Major. You are a pretty man to keep your visitors waiting so long. Do you know Dr. Chesterton?”

“Major Kainson will excuse me for waiting,” said the visitor. “I have business of great importance. I am merely passing through town, and if he could spare me a few moments in private — we could not think of inflicting such tedious matters upon ladies” — again he bowed to Mrs. Kainson — “I should be greatly obliged.”

“Say yes, for the love of mercy, dad,” whispered Everard.

Again he had been too eagerly transparent. His words were not audible, but the whisper was detected. Dr. Chesterton glanced quickly at Mrs. Kainson to see if she suspected. Everard had told him that his stepmother

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was against them. But though Mrs. Kainson had caught the hiss of the whisper, the smiling little mask of her face betrayed nothing.

"Humph," she said lightly, shrugging her shoulders, "it would be perfectly safe to talk business before me, from now till Doomsday, for I'd never understand a word of it. I am *so* stupid, you know."

Major Kainson prevented further remarks by asking Dr. Chesterton into his library. But as Everard turned to follow, his step-mother, with her blandest assumption of the child, though there was a sharp gleam in her eye, said sweetly, —

"Sit down, Ev, and talk to me."

"I am busy," said he rudely, stepping into the hall.

She sat up in her chair.

"Look here, Everard, I'm not a fool; what are they up to?"

"Suppose you ask them," he retorted.

"H'm," she purred, "it is easy to see through you. They said they wanted to be alone. Now you are going to join them. What's that for?"

"If you please, ma'am," he answered recklessly, "that is *my* affair."



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He turned his back and strode into the hall.

Mrs. Kainson settled herself into her chair and gazed into the moonlight, while her brows puckered. All her dainty little features seemed to ruffle, witch-like, till, if one had been watching her, one would have thought of an angry hen, or a cat with its hair on end. At last she rose deliberately, balanced herself on her toes, — how undeniably beautiful was that fine little figure of hers as it swayed airily in the moonlight! — and then she began to tiptoe noiselessly toward the library door, saying to herself, —

“So it’s simply *your* affair, is it, what those men are up to? Well, we’ll see about that.”

Mrs. Thomas Kainson is but a minor character in this history, — a merciful heaven always kept her from having very much influence in the world, — but as mistress of the House of the Terraces, she calls for an explanation. She was the daughter of an army officer, and her mother was ambiguous. No one knew from just what origin the mamma had issued, and spiteful people said spiteful things. One old lady, with severe ideas, insisted that she was a milkmaid; another, that she was the star member in a travelling-beauty show. I have never

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investigated Mrs. Kainson's origin, and all I can say is that her father was certainly a gentleman. She had met the Major in the West, married him out of hand, and there was a general whisper that he had been repenting it ever since. She was bright, vivacious, impudent; she had a dangerous temper, and as far as I have been able to discover, neither heart nor truthfulness. I believe that at her birth Mercury, as the God of Liars, ruled the ascendant, that the stars were all coquetting, or else exchanging fibs about their dearest friends.

It was such an unscrupulous little adventuress who tiptoed to the outer side of the library door, intending to listen to the talk between her husband and the stranger.

But she had trusted too much to Everard's recklessness. However transparent he had been, he was not quite a fool, and he got the hint of danger in her pointed questions. At the moment of her entry into the hall, he was standing at the far end of it in deep shadow, playing watch-dog to the door. He had laughed gaily to himself when her figure rose in the outer doorway, dark against the moonlight, her arms outstretched to balance herself. She made him think of a sea-gull, so

## They that Took the Sword

light was her poise. But just as she laid her ear to the keyhole, he stepped forward and touched her shoulder.

"What are *you* here for?" he whispered.

She sprang erect, smothering a scream, and her figure trembled with rage. But what should she do next? Should she sneer, declaim, abuse? All were out of the question. She had been caught in the meanest imaginable act, and Everard had her, figuratively, by the throat. If he peached — She turned cold at the thought. Rallying her wits, she seized the only course open, — burst into a flood of tears, and began to beg.

"Ev," she pleaded, "don't tell on me — don't — it was only a joke — I did n't mean any harm — truly I did n't."

"Joke!" said he, scornfully, "joke! I like that. Do you take me for a fool? Don't I know what you're up to? Aren't you always spying out other people's affairs? Joke! I like that. By George, I do!"

"But you won't tell," she pleaded.

"Why not, if it's only a joke?"

"Because it was rash, it was silly — nobody would understand — your father least of all — he has no sense of humour — no playfulness."

## They that Took the Sword

The boy laughed contemptuously.

"I should hope not — for this sort of thing. But I won't tell for to-night — I don't promise any more — on one condition."

"What is it? — I agree beforehand."

"Go up to your boudoir and lock the door and let me keep the key till that man is gone."

"Mean! — mean!" she cried, choking on the words, "you're a pretty sort of man — you —"

But Everard had taken her arm and was hurrying her up the stairs. At her boudoir she flung the key upon the floor and banged the door. Everard locked it and descended to the library.

If truth be told, all other feeling in the mind of this reckless youth was swallowed up in unholy joy. He had turned the tables on his stepmother, he had her in the net. Crude young Everard, as he joined the council in the library, was very much pleased with himself, felt that he was quite the equal of statesmen.

If the reader will recall what Everard said to Amy earlier in the night, he will have the clew to the discussion which Everard now

## They that Took the Sword

joined, and I need not trouble him with repeating it. A variation of one theme was the whole story. Now was the time to strike, and it was absolutely necessary to have a leader from within the city. It must not be an invasion from without; it was imperative that it be an uprising from within. Cincinnati was so much a State in itself, with such intense local feeling, that mere invasion of any sort it would resist. The fifteen thousand secessionists who would welcome the Confederates if they came as allies, would join with the Federals if they came as conquerors. And the fifteen thousand could not possibly be apocryphal. The very Mayor was suspected of Confederate leanings. As Everard could tell, there were five organised Confederate companies and secret depots of supplies within the city at that moment. One regiment had been secretly mustered in the western part of the county; another was within call in southern Indiana; across the river in the hills of Kentucky was a third; and a full Confederate brigade was expected on the south bank of the river within twenty-four hours. A bold stroke, the moment the latter arrived, if led by a Cincinnati and beginning within the city, would end

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in the enlistment of those fifteen thousand sympathisers, and the men from out of the town would swell the number to eighteen or twenty thousand. In a week's time, when Kirby Smith should have brought up his victorious forces, they would unbalance the whole existing plan of the war, they would turn the scale in favour of the Confederacy.

Alas! for the Napoleonic creed without the Napoleonic energies, for the trusting upon fate without excluding accident from the drama! The dragon's teeth were bearing fruit right and left. The same news that had set the two Kainsons in such fierce opposition had inspired this appeal to the one who felt himself — and who, we may say, was — the injured party in that dispute. With his whole being still rankling against his uncle, with the old man's threat still ringing in his ears, — “I'll draft you into service or send you through the Lines as a suspected character,” — with his sympathies leaning one way and only that agnostic sense of their futility to counterbalance, Thomas Kainson felt the hand of destiny closing upon him. In his heart rose these bitter words, —

“Chesterton and the rest cannot win. It is all a delusion of their fine courage. If I go

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with them, I am but helping to prolong their misery. And yet, if I do not, that old tyrant will either force me into the other camp or cast me out a disgraced man. Good God, why could n't he let me alone! If it were not for him, if I could simply draw aside and stand neutral, I would refuse this mad leadership; by preventing this advantage to the South I would shorten by just so much the duration of its miseries."

Suddenly he turned to Chesterton and exclaimed vehemently, —

"Why do you come to me? You know — for my son must have told you — that I have always been neutral, that I have not committed myself to either party?"

Everard sprang to his side and caught his hands.

"Dear old dad, there's nobody else we can trust. We know where your heart is, and we know where you are going to be."

"That is the reason, Major Kainson," said the courtly physician; "we have plenty of sympathisers, as we have shown to you, but the ones who can be trusted in advance are almost all of the middle class. We must have a gentleman for a leader. You forget that the more

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pronounced Secessionists of your own class have already gone South, as Golding did, and are now in service. The gentlemen among those who remain are, as you have been, in doubt."

"Think of it, dad," cried Everard, tugging at his hands, "the most brilliant stroke of the whole war—everybody on both sides applauding the nerve of it—it's the chance of a century."

Kainson pushed him aside and walked the length of the room, walked it back and retraced his steps. His head was sunk upon his breast, his breathing was hard. Everything seemed to point to Chesterton's proposal as to the voice of destiny. Behind him, in the threats of his uncle was a dilemma from which, if there were any escape at all, it was only by the path that had suddenly been opened. Yet so deeply rooted was Tom Kainson's doubtfulness, that even now, when everything had conspired to decide his allegiance for him, he could not bring himself to accept the fact, speak the word that should say to circumstance, "Thou art fate."

But he was dealing with a shrewd man, possessed of the diplomatic sense. As every one



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knows, the instinct of compromise is so strong in most natures that when somebody has proposed one thing and then will compromise upon something else, the latter, however large in itself, seems trifling in comparison. And in the case of the doubter, for whom all action is fundamentally a compromise, this is especially true. Chesterton broke in upon Kainson's silence by saying, —

“Let us put the matter aside for the present. I will not ask you to answer until to-morrow night — that is the soonest it would be safe to move. I shall, however, ask a personal favour of you. The leaders of the out-of-town levies are to meet to-night near Anderson's Ferry. Will you ride thither with me and talk to them? I pledge my honour it shall be in perfect secrecy. You commit yourself to nothing.”

Kainson stopped short and looked hard at Chesterton. He was conscious of that rebound of spirits with which all undecided natures open arms to compromise. It is curious how the devoted of fate — meaning always, the one who has not the Napoleonic energies — welcomes any interposition by which fate may be staved off to a later hour. Here was the

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chance to put forward the entire matter of his decision a whole long day, and who knew what a day might bring forth? The fate of nations has been settled, or we imagine it has, in the space of twenty-four hours; and by this time to-morrow —

He turned abruptly to Chesterton and replied, —

“I will go to the ferry, but I must insist that I commit myself to nothing.”

Twenty minutes later two horsemen had ridden away from the House of the Terraces, and Mrs. Kainson had the key on the inside of her boudoir door. She was lying face downward upon the floor, her hands clenched, her teeth gnawing at her lips, while she kept repeating to herself, —

“I will get even with you, Everard Kainson — I will do it — I will — I will — I will — *get even with you!*”

Like other kinds of pussy cats, this one was very dangerous to meddle with.

## CHAPTER V

*To them was life a simple art  
Of duties to be done,  
A game where each man took his part,  
A race where all must run;  
A battle whose great scheme and scope  
They little cared to know,  
Content, as men at arms, to cope  
Each with his fronting foe.*

HOUGHTON.

**B**EHOLD Mr. Everard Kainson, in the gorgeousness of the Sabbath day, — with hat and coat and gloves, as nearly as possible what the last letters from his cousins in New York assure him they are there, — coming out of the old-time Second Presbyterian Church on Fourth Street, along with Miss Amy Golding. They are entangled in a gay-coloured crowd beneath the Doric portico, — for which you may nowadays seek in vain, finding in its place only sheer walls and fronts of shops, — and around them that clearing-house of gossip, the aftermath of the

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service, has already, I doubt not, begun operations. I have no authority for the conjecture, but it is measurably safe, — for when did the tithingman go out and the after-church gossip not come in? Miss Amy and Everard edge their way through the crowd and down the steps into the bright sunshine of the street.

“She is pretty, is n’t she?” says a gentleman in the portico, — one of those numerous Geraldins who are all kin to the Daytons.

“And what a fine-looking boy Everard is!” replies Mrs. Geraldin.

“I wonder,” laughs her husband, “suppose, after all, it should be Everard and not Vincent.”

“Don’t worry,” says the lady, — she is one of those placidly handsome women, with the dash of kindly worldliness in their eyes, who see so clearly as far as they see at all; “the war won’t last forever. They’ll make it up. Oh — Good-morning, Bessie.”

The pussy cat shows no trace outwardly of the furious ruffling of her fur on the night before. She is looking her prettiest and her most naïve. And the fine woman’s placidly keen eyes admit that the younger is well gowned. Mrs. Kainson is nodding and laugh-

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ing and talking with three or four people at once. Our pretty pussy never shows her claws till she strikes.

Should we linger about that portico or follow the various groups of people as they went leisurely home, we might learn a great deal about many things. For example, the talk of the two Geraldins, drifting upon the subject of Mrs. Kainson, would have reviewed for us that popular conundrum, Why had Thomas Kainson ever married his wife? Perhaps that handsome woman with the shrewd eyes and the satisfied ease of manner might have given us the clew by her smiling insistence that with such a man as Tom Kainson — who, by the way, was her first cousin, all Cincinnati being related in those days — with a man like that any pretty woman could do what she pleased. I know her views, for I have heard them from her own lips. “It is simple as daylight,” she would say years afterward, when I, boy-like, was also wondering; “a man may do very well against cannon and be clay to the potter with a woman. I have no doubt Tom led gallantly in the charge. That’s what he’s good for, — bravery, where some one else does the thinking. But, just the same, poor fellow, he’s like

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Reuben in Scripture, unstable as water,—in some ways, that is. And as to marrying, why, my dear boy, with a pretty face and a pussycat manner and a will of her own, any woman on earth can marry a man like Tom Kainson, if no other woman is 'round, exactly the way that hussy did." "And how was that?" I would ask. "You have several things yet to learn," she would answer; "all the minx did was to take him boldly by the collar, say one, two, three, march, — and they presented arms at the altar."

But the question is too complex for discussion here, and there are other details of those Sunday morning conversations that may strike the reader as singular. And among all those, to my mind, seeing it from the historian's point of view, one in especial towers forth. Almost none of those people are worrying about the battle of Richmond. Strange fatality by which the shadow of fate so seldom is perceived when it is immediately above us! Yet it is a recorded fact that the great flurry of excitement with which, on the night of Saturday, thirtieth August, Cincinnati received the news of that crucial defeat at Richmond, blew over almost immediately. Says the most volumi-

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nous history of the time: "There were soldiers in plenty to drive back the invaders, it was argued, only a few experienced officers were needed. The Sanitary Commission hastened its shipment of stores toward the battlefield, and the State authorities began preparations for sending relief to the wounded; while the newspapers gave vent to the general dissatisfaction in severe criticisms on the management of the battle, and in wonders as to what Buell could be doing. Thus Sunday passed." As to Buell, that excellent soldier was attending to his business, which Cincinnati, that long still Sunday, the thirty-first of August, was not. Therefore, in the delusion that a crisis was not so imminent, after all, — that they were ready for whatever might come against them; that Kirby Smith might turn to the left and strike not for Cincinnati but for Louisville, which was the headquarters of the Military Department of the Ohio, — those people whom we have watched as they came out of the Second Church, and those others who came out of many churches beside, went home, as usual, with the Sabbatarian's delightful sense of ease.

But among those people the two in whom

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we are chiefly interested know better. They are strolling slowly, and Amy looks exceedingly pretty, her face full of clear shadows, a soft colour in her cheeks, her eyes not the surface blue of her aunt Bessie's, but as deep and rich as the blue of night twinkling with stars. She also, as I have said before, is a little woman, not much taller than Mrs. Kainson and physically her inferior. That tall statuesque beauty of the women of her mother's family, and of their cousins the Geraldins, has not descended to Miss Amy. If it had, if she had possessed more abundance of physique, who knows but her troubles would have been less, her view of life, like her beauty, more authoritative? One can never answer such questions; physique in its relation to mind is a great puzzle—I read but now that men of genius are either above or below the average—and I leave the matter to the profounder meditation of my reader. What I would have him notice in this clearer light of day is that expression of frankness and trustfulness, the utter absence of any shadows of deceit, in those great blue eyes; but with it, also, that hint of an over-intensity, in the nervous quickness of all her motions. And



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the robust young man at her side, with the frequent smile, with rollicking thoughtless eyes, in which there is plain intimation of the tease, he also is worth a glance. He is reckless, and he has never yet gripped a mental problem, never once decided for himself whether this were right or that were wrong, but all the same, when the pinch comes, one may risk a good deal that he rings true: altogether, this boy and girl may be looked upon as people who, according to their lights, may be trusted far.

He has just confided to her the story of the night before, of the talk with Chesterton, and his father's departure for Anderson's Ferry, — a crossing of the Ohio five miles to the west, — whence he will return Sunday night.

"You see," he continues, "we're not such fools as to meet right at the ferry, or to do much travelling by day. That's why dad and Chesterton won't start back until dark. Right now, they're keeping still as mice at a farmhouse just over the hill about two miles beyond the ferry. You go up a road along a creek through a cut in the hills, and then you strike left, and down in a hollow behind a wood you get to the house. The fellow

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who lives there is all right — true as steel — and there's where we meet. Soon as the signal is given, we'll seize the ferry first thing, and the Kentucky chaps'll come over — there's eleven hundred of 'em back on those hills all in sight of beacon-fires, this minute, and that's not counting the brigade that we think'll get there to-day. The Indiana fellows are almost eight hundred, and they'll be here in a jiffy, soon as we telegraph the watchword to a man who's waiting at Lawrenceburg. So will three hundred men from the west of this county. You see what that means, Ame? Eleven and eight and three make twenty-two. We'll have twenty-two hundred armed men on the north bank of the river, and we'll do it so quick it'll be just like presto change. In town there are seven hundred more organised and waiting. That gives twenty-nine hundred picked men at the very least, with which to begin things. Mind you, these are n't Tom, Dick, and Harry. Every single one of 'em is a man we know and can trust. They have been under arms this whole summer, and not one has blabbed a word. We'll get the crowd later. They'll come in shoals, once we make the bold stroke. If we do it to-night — ”

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He paused suddenly, for he remembered that Vincent would arrive that afternoon ; and little as the idea of danger and death could appeal to him, he recalled the night before and how keenly it had appealed to Amy. Perhaps she divined why he paused, for she looked up quickly and she caught her breath as she asked, —

“ If it comes to-night? ”

He put a bold face on the matter and tried to make it a trifle.

“ Why, don't you see, there'll not be a Federal soldier here except the militia and that one regiment of Vincent's — ”

She took her breath in a gasp while he rattled on, —

“ The militia will be scattered about in their homes, and there won't really be any one but the Rifles. Pshaw! We'll fix 'em before they know what they're about. They'll be quartered at the City Hall, of course, and we'll surround 'em and capture 'em without firing a shot. Rolling off a log will be hard compared to it.”

But Miss Amy remembered that he had talked very differently the night before. She saw that this version was to save her feelings.

“ You are saying that just because you think

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I am scared," she exclaimed. "I wish you would stop treating me like a baby. I am no more scared than you are. Only, I don't see how you can take it all so coolly — really, Ev, I don't — it seems to me hard-hearted. If Vincent were *my* brother" — only the gravity of her trembling tones kept the roguish comment off Everard's tongue — "if he were *my* brother, I'd be unhappy to think that he might be in danger, that he might be — might" — she could not say "killed," to save her; she substituted in a collapse of her voice — "might be hurt."

"But he's not going to be," said Mr. Everard, blithely. "I tell you, Ame, we're all going to come out all right. Our stars are going to carry us through. The people you know never get killed in battle, only the ones you read about. See all the friends we have at the front, and not one of 'em's been downed yet. Now, don't worry, please."

I feel called upon to state that never in his life had Mr. Everard so much as glimpsed into actual war. His first skirmish, even, was still before him. A battle, to Everard, was a thing of drums and trumpets and picturesque phrases out of romances.

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War was still that intoxication of high imaginings which it is to healthy youth in the delightful trammels of barbarism. The sardonic terribleness of war, that sunset light which falls upon the gigantic figures of conquerors, as their observers increase in years, stripping them sometimes of their beauty and always robing them in the awful, — that was not yet revealed to him.

There was a space of silence, and then Everard almost laughed outright, for Amy, with a quiver in her voice, said appealingly, —

“Ev, can’t you get me a whole lot of stuff for bandages? I’ll work hard the whole afternoon. I’ll tear up everything I have and make just as many as I possibly can.”

Mr. Everard had a high opinion of his practicality and that of his associates, but never once had this exceedingly practical detail so much as entered his head.

“Well, I declare, Ame,” said he, and in spite of himself he laughed, “but you take it tragically.”

His laughter cut her like a sharp pain; she bit her lips and turned her face to conceal the starting tears.

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"Oh, stop!" she cried, choking; "how can you?"

He sobered instantly.

"I'm a brute," said he, awkwardly; and again there was silence.

"Ev," said the girl, presently, when she had regained her voice, "I told you a story last night."

"I forgive you," he replied, and his eyes looked inquiry.

"I said" — she hung her head so that he should not see she was blushing — "I said that — that I did not think it was much to be a major."

That was not what she had started to say, but the whole truth would not yet come out. Everard, in the slang of to-day, "caught on," and thought, "I may get in a lick for Vincent." He answered, —

"Oh, well, I knew you did n't mean it."

"I was mad," went on Penitence, with a face still hidden, "and it was all your fault, because you were teasing me. You are mean as you can be when you tease. And you made me fib a second time. It was a worse fib still."

"What was that?" demanded a voice of cheerful unconcern.

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"Oh, you know perfectly well," she retorted petulantly; "now you are being mean again."

Everard replied blandly, telling a tremendous fib, —

"'Pon honour, I don't."

Penitence kept silence for ten steps, and then in one breath she threw out, —

"I said I did n't care whether your brother was ten colonels."

"Whoever wanted him to be ten colonels?" replied Everard; "I'll be satisfied if he's one."

"Everard, you're as mean as dirt!"

The boy began to hum softly, but as loud as he dared on the Sabbath day, —

"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,  
Silver buckles on his knee."

Amy lifted her face, and her eyes snapped.

"I don't mean that at all, and you know I don't — stop it!"

"Don't mean what?" he asked with innocence. "I'm not saying anything."

And he resumed the song, —

"He'll come home and marry me,  
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!"

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His voice had gone up on the word "marry" with a full-toned volume, and he drawled with taunting emphasis the "Pretty Bobby Shaftoe."

Amy tightened her lips, set her eyes straight in front of her, and walked faster. She asked no more questions. Everard had sense enough to offer no more information, and it was not in an angelic humour that she left him at the gate of Dayton House.

"I'll do the apologising to-morrow," he had said as he held open the great iron gate, and she had answered with temper,—

"Everard, *why* will you be so silly?"

And all that afternoon she thought tearfully upon but one theme. It was the danger to Vincent. Desperately unhappy, she prayed that he would not immediately come to see her. To be face to face with him, to know that one word of warning—but also of betrayal—would save him from destruction, to know that and yet not be able to speak the word, would be worse than racks and thumbscrews. She toiled, as she had said she would, at the making of bandages, and she wetted them with her tears. And in spite of her protestations I believe she realised that she was getting on



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very poorly in the destroying of her attachment for Vincent.

How differently that waggish Everard took the matter of the bandages ! It made his eyes now and then just a little filmy, for Everard had his sentimental streak, and Amy's solicitude was such a pathetic detail, so feminine in its suffering realism, that it affected him the way a highly sentimental song will often affect your large-hearted robust man, who looks at first sight as if he could not shed a tear. A number of times that day Everard shook his head and said inwardly, —

“ Poor little Amy !—that's just like her. The dear girl can't understand things. She takes 'em all so tragically. But it *is* sort of pretty of her to be so cut up over Vincent. Not that she needs worry. I guess old Vin can take care of himself. We'll both land on our feet, that's our way. But bless your soul, Ame, — you and your bandages, — just the same.”

He went home and dined early in the afternoon with his stepmother, and then, the Rifles being now due, he said he was going to look for Vincent. She begged him hypocritically to bring his brother home, and Everard

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with satire in his eye mockingly assured her that nothing would give him more pleasure; adding, however, that it was quite out of the question, as officers were always quartered with their regiments if there was any danger, as now, that they might be needed. Thereupon he departed, and as soon as his back was turned Mrs. Kainson clenched her little fists and once more vowed revenge.

Everard found the Rifles where he expected, in the little Park in front of the City Hall, across the street from the Cathedral, — the little Park that I saw dug up into cellars years ago! It was a regiment of young men, and Vincent, who, though junior Major, was in command, was about the average age. He was just twenty-three. A year had flown by since Everard had last seen him. In that time Vincent had known some rough service, but only in small and detached bodies skirmishing in the mountains, and had not taken on, to his own subsequent misfortune, the severe discipline of war. But neither had his regiment. They had the look of men not thoroughly broken to command, men who might on occasion interpret orders to suit themselves. There was something free-and-easy, devil-may-care, I'm-as-good-as-you,

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in the tone of that line of stalwart youths. It was a fault all too common in the armies of the Republic during the first years of the war.

"I'll bet my hat," said Everard to himself, "those fellows speak their minds to their officers. I tell you, *our* men don't."

I am not answerable for the correctness of any of Mr. Everard's statements, much less his conjectures, and I pass on. I catch, however, his sharp comment on the official who from the steps of the Hall is reviewing the Rifles.

"We know you are a Secessionist at heart, Mr. Mayor," he thinks, "but I wish to Heaven you'd let it come out."

His Honour, two days after this, declared for the Republic, in such unmistakable terms that the early hopes of Everard seem now to have been unfounded. But he was then not alone in hoping that the Mayor was coming round, sooner or later, to the cause of the Confederacy.

His eye wandered from the Mayor and went down the line of soldiers. Boy as he was, he had seen so many thousand soldiers pouring southward through Cincinnati in regiment after regiment, that he knew the ear-marks of many kinds.

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"Still green," he thought. "I wonder what their Colonel is like. I wonder what sort of an officer Vincent is."

He turned his eyes upon his brother. The latter was standing by the Mayor, and the parade of the regiment was just about to end. The officers were leaving their companies, and the non-commissioned officers were taking charge of them. Everard looked hard at the tall, distinguished figure of the junior Major. It was undoubtedly handsome. There was a strangely clear light on the high brow, and the masses of black hair made it all the clearer. The shaven face showed long and fine, the gray eyes were like his father's, but the mouth had none of Major Tom's indecision. Rather, it was too inflexible. It was too prone to set in a jerk and stay set. There was something in the face that made one write him down as a dreamer, but as a dreamer full of eager force. Everard partly understood his brother, though not yet fully, but even he appreciated that here was a forceful, quixotic enthusiast, a man who would go his own gait in defiance of everything and would go it largely according to his impulses.

"I wonder," thought Everard, "whether he

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is n't terribly dictatorial sometimes and too gentle at others."

He glanced with renewed interest at the men.

"I bet we could crumple up that line if it came to actual fighting," he thought.

And then his ears were assailed by the rough talk of a coarse-looking officer, who was strolling toward him, for by this time the parade was over. The officer was telling a story, none too creditable to his sense of delicacy, and the theme was the sharp measures he had taken with a saucy Confederate girl who had persisted in singing "Dixie." Another officer, walking with him, made sarcastic comment on the former's manliness. Everard wheeled about, his heart eagerly echoing the second speaker, his face flaming. He caught the eye of the first speaker and immediately began whistling "Dixie."

There was a moment of amazement, and both officers stared dumbfounded, while there raced upon the air the notes of that audacious whistling. The low fellow recovered first, and with an oath took a step toward Everard. The other caught his arm.

"You fool!" said he, "let the man alone."

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"The rebel!" cried the other, "he deserves a flogging."

"Would you like to give it to him?" asked the boy, calmly.

"I mean to do it!" retorted the bully.

A deep and musical but now sharply contemptuous voice broke upon them, and the tall form of Vincent Kainson pushed his brother one side.

"I believe, sir, that I outrank you," he said bitingly, "and if any insult has been offered to the national government, I'll attend to it. I will trouble you to leave the *gentlemen* concerned to settle this among themselves. Captain O'Neil," — to the one who had restrained the other, — "kindly come this way and we will talk to this young man."

He turned away with O'Neil and Everard, and left the other officer to go angrily to his quarters. After a few steps he paused.

"My brother, Mr. Everard Kainson — Captain O'Neil."

It was like the man to make no secret of his kinship with the one he was protecting. If people heard of it and drew invidious conclusions as to his disinterestedness, that could not be helped.

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"Everard," he continued, "you have acted very foolishly. The city is not yet under martial law, though it probably will be soon, and you can whistle what you please, but it is the part of a child to pick up quarrels about nothing. I know you wanted to be a Secessionist once" — again the reckless frankness of the man who concealed nothing — "but I trust you have got over all that, and even if you had n't, what were the use in defying a whole regiment?"

"Who said I was defying a regiment?" replied Everard, turning trickster in words. "Captain O'Neil will tell you what happened. He resented it as much as I did."

"Mr. Kainson is right," said O'Neil. "It was a dirty piece of work."

And he quickly told the story.

"The brute!" said Vincent. "You did right, Everard. He deserved a thrashing. I have no doubt we'll be off duty to-morrow, O'Neil, and I want you to see my people."

He was silent, — for he had no tact, and he knew not how either to send O'Neil away or to keep talk going with no objective point. O'Neil smiled, thanked him, shook hands with Everard, said he had to see to some things, and strolled away.

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"I wish I could go home with you, Ev," said Vincent, eagerly, "but my orders are strict. All officers must remain with the regiment till further instructions. There seems to be a general scare. I don't see any danger, do you?"

Chuckling to himself, Everard made an offhand answer.

Then his brother began to tell him of his joy in seeing him again, and how he had feared that he might hear of him in the Confederate service, and how relieved he was that Everard had not acted rashly.

"My dear lad," he said earnestly, "you'll see, sooner or later, even if you don't now, that the Republic is in the right."

He spoke in a constrained, intense way he had, and Everard looked down and blushed in evading a reply. There was something about Vincent Kainson, a sort of unreasoning honesty, a too great scorn of suspiciousness, that made disguises seem a disgrace and put men on their honour to be sincere. But Everard made up for his moment of embarrassment by the warmth of his words of affection. For all their diverseness these two were fondly attached to each other.



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Why should their reunion be over-clouded by that little shadow of a lie? The thought pushed itself into Everard's careless brain, because, as I say, of that intense frankness which shone, with impulsive recklessness, out of Vincent's eyes. But Everard was still a boy; he laughed to himself, "All's fair in love and war," and the cloud vanished. He bethought himself of the brighter topic, his mercurial nature went over at a bound to the other extreme, and he began to laugh outwardly.

"What is it?" asked Vincent.

"How soon will you get up courage?" cried Everard.

"Courage for what?"

"To ask about her. She's prettier than ever and she's very rapidly falling in love, though she says she is n't."

"I'm going to see Amy to-morrow morning," said Vincent; "they'll surely let us off then."

Everard laughed again. His brother's eyes had darkened, and his face took on a lofty sadness. I am compelled to admit that Major Vincent took his griefs very seriously, that his emotion went — if I may use the phrase — a

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little upon stilts. He could not be ordinarily comfortable, but was pretty sure either to be happy or miserable. The thought of Amy, under present circumstances, made him miserable. Everard saw that it did and expostulated.

"Now look here, Vin, don't go down in the mouth. It's going to come right. I'll tell you what I sing to her. It's 'Bobby Shaftoe,' and it makes her mad as fire. What better sign do you want than that?"

Vincent stiffened himself unconsciously, and the loftiness in his eyes grew still loftier. His emotions took a still higher pair of stilts. In spite of himself, Everard could not restrain further laughter.

But I am sure that in high Olympus — that is to say, in the august brain of my reader — there is some demur as to the unmilitariness of the present conversation. Forsooth, good reader, must men stalk about in steel forever? Is this a Greek play, where we wear heroic masks and elevated buskins from the first word to the last? Have you not found me out long ago and perceived that I am not going to give you anything very grand and spectacular at all? My one personage with his head in the clouds whose lips set naturally

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for heroics is this very Vincent, this enthusiast, who is now side-tracking us — nay, rather *delivering* us — from the turmoil of things of state to that eternally tender theme which all the historians of Christendom can no more wear thin in handling than all the snows of earth have bleached the recurring violets. However, since you wish it, let us take a breathing space, leave the brothers to finish their talk which was only a repetition with variations of the few remarks we have overheard, and thereafter let us see how my boy Everard makes his next application of the perilous doctrine that “All’s fair in war.”

## CHAPTER VI

*If chance would make me king, then chance may crown me.*

SHAKSPERE.

MR. EVERARD KAINSON was too enthusiastic a conspirator not to move heaven and earth to get his father on his own side. Knowing naught of his grand-uncle's trip to Columbus, nor of his threat of instant action, for the Major had told him nothing of the affair at Dayton's, Everard went about his plans in the delusion that Sunday night would still see the city unprepared. He sent word very quietly to some twenty of the leading "Suspects," asking them to meet his father, that night, about eight o'clock at the House of the Terraces. He went to each of the Secessionists' places of rendezvous, told them that there was to be a council of war, and that they must have their whole following under arms against a summons. At Humbolt's livery-stable, which was the chief depot of the party, he got a promise that the company which rendezvoused there would sur-

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round the Terraces at half after seven, and whenever he gave the signal, close in and prevent any escape from the house. If the "Suspects" would not rise, they should at least be prisoners until the rising had been accomplished without them. So far as Everard could see, he had taken every precaution.

Having done all this, his next move was to dispose of his stepmother. That was easy by threatening again to reveal her eavesdropping. His father, he asserted, desired another confidential meeting, and if Mrs. Kainson would not go out to dinner and stay away until eleven o'clock, Everard would tell. Of course, there was nothing else for her to do. She knew that Everard hated her; that, boylike, he would not be content with simply telling her husband. How delightful it would be to come out of church, say, and hear every one tittering behind your back and this one whispering to that one and that one to the other, "Look how Mrs. Kainson is blushing; you know they caught her listening at the key-hole the other night." For Everard, as Mrs. Kainson well knew, as we who have heard him talk with Amy know, could not yet look upon his stepmother except in one way. She

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had come into the fold by some undue and inexplicable influence over his father, not by any real charm or nobleness in herself, and the same was a thief and a robber. Major Kainson's first marriage was as little to his credit, as completely the doing of circumstance, as was the other, and Everard's mother, though a lady, had been as heartless as her successor, and her son, perhaps, was living in a glass house when he threw stones at the stepmother. Also, he was playing the part of a crude and hasty boy. But none of those considerations would restrain him from going through with the part, and Mrs. Kainson knew that they would not. She must go, or he would sow the town with the story of her disgrace, — sow it, that is, in one or two pair of ears, from which it would float onward like thistledown on a breeze, far and wide, and encompass her round about with a persecution of knowing smiles. She would never hear of it directly, like as not, but her name would disappear from the visiting lists she most affected, and, in a word, she would be ruined. And it would all come about so quietly, so accidentally, that she never would be able to strike back. She had done too

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much herself in the way of damning people through the little bit of confidential information, — that little bit, which, of course, must never be made public, but which, just in order to protect yourself, my dear, you really ought to know, — she had done too much of that, I say, not to know how it worked. However, she did not lose her nerve, and seeing that Everard was thoroughly eager to be rid of her, she took a bold stand and “bluffed” him. When at last she went, she had got a positive promise that if she would stay away until eleven he would drop the matter of the eavesdropping and never tell it at all, and she smiled saucily and her shallow blue eyes snapped venomously as she said to herself, —

“You think you are very smart, Mr. Everard Kainson, but I think *I’m* one smarter.”

However, she went, looking sweetly dainty, though with a long dark cloak upon her arm, and a thick veil in its pocket; and no sooner had she departed than Everard — the energetic youth! — cleared the house of servants. The Kainsons were one of those Cincinnati families who always employed negroes, and the blacks, receiving orders to be gone until

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midnight, obeyed without question. Thereupon Everard closed and bolted all those heavy inside shutters with which the rooms of the first story were fitted. From a hiding-place in his own room he produced a huge Confederate flag and several smaller ones. He also procured his father's sword, — the gold-hilted, jewel-mounted sword of honour presented to him for gallant conduct in the Mexican War.

I said awhile ago that the men of the Old Régime in Cincinnati had the art-sense in action, the realisation of the power of spectacular details. Everard Kainson was partly of the New Order, but he retained from the old that artistic appreciation of the *coup de théâtre*. He knew that what argument could not do, a fortunate touch of rhetoric might. A breeze of bunting swept *him* gloriously from his feet, and he was but judging others by himself, when he went gaily about his preparations, while his spirits bounded and he felt in his veins he would succeed.

He was ready long before his guests arrived. His father, as he knew, would not be expected back until some time after eight, and as the "Suspects" arrived, one after another, trailing



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along from five to thirty minutes late, there was still no sign of the Major. Everard gathered them in the drawing-room, making excuses for his father and watching eagerly for his approach.

It was nearly nine when Everard heard the hoof-beats at the foot of the Terraces. A glance showed him that it was his father and half a dozen others. He saw them dismount; two of the men caught the bridles and led the horses across the street, — for even in that day the meaner part of the town was beginning to crowd in upon the House of the Terraces; the south side of the street in front of it was a wall of houses, and through that wall ran a dark, narrow alley. One man detached himself from the group now on foot — Everard caught his breath as he recognised him, while his blood sang — and turned laughing away. The others began to mount the steps. All came gaily except his father, and he with slow thoughtfulness, his head bent.

Everard hurried into the house and asked his guests to make haste into the dining-room. He was jubilant. The presence of that man who had quitted the group below — for a reason Everard could easily guess — could be

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accounted for only in the assumption that the Confederate brigade had arrived; that the time was come. But there is no sense in mystifying the reader, so I will tell at once who the man was. It was Colonel Golding. Everard had not expected to see him, but he knew that he could not have been there at that moment except with his men behind him, and therefore the looked-for brigade must have come. It was with flashing eyes that he glanced from man to man as his guests filed in, along each side of the great table; and without, as he knew, his father was coming slowly, thoughtfully, up the steps. That slow thoughtfulness should change, thought this eager boy, into something vastly different. He was so delighted, so pleased with his own astuteness, that he laughed outright as he saw how all his guests, after a quick glance about the room, were staring at each other in a wild surmise.

At the sound of his laugh—his easy, cheerful, good-humoured laugh—all eyes had leaped to Everard.

He was standing at the foot of the table, in his father's place. The room blazed with light, for every one of those famous Kainson candelabra stood around the walls, on the mantel, or

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the sideboard, or on extemporised pedestals. The table was fringed with wineglasses, and tall, old-fashioned decanters stood beyond them. Major Kainson's sword lay in its scabbard just in front of his chair. But what seized and riveted all eyes was the tablecloth. In that blaze of yellow radiance, with the twinkling silver shining everywhere in the background, with the decanters sparkling like crystal, with the wine in the many glasses making a chaplet of mighty rubies, with the golden, jewelled sword-hilt reposing upon the middle one of the three great bars, lay that enormous red, white, and blue tricolour, the Confederate flag.

Let no man say anything against the *coup de théâtre*. For a moment there was silence — for a moment previous, as I said, there had been the wild surmise — and then, as Everard's gleeful laughter rang in their ears, the magic of the flag, of this dramatic revelation of it, took hold upon these men, who were Secessionists in their hearts. Again their glances went from one to the other, and, kindling from each other's tacit sympathy, their eyes began to flash. The flag grew vast in their imaginations, became a visible presence of the Cause, an outstretched road to Victory. Their eyes

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slid back to Everard, and involuntarily they broke into applause.

"Gentlemen," said the boy, "there is no need for me to say anything—here is my father."

He sprang into the hall, and whispered to the Major and Chesterton,—

"I've got all the leaders here for a conference, and all our men are in arms at the different posts. Come in, dad."

"Bravo!" said Chesterton.

The next moment the whole group of the horsemen had entered the dining-room. It lay at right angles to the hall, and the foot of the table was toward the door. Major Kainson was well into the room before he caught a glimpse of the flag, the sword, and saw, as in a flash of lightning, what his son had done for him. Chesterton saw also and drew a deep breath of delight. Surely the game was won now. He pushed the Major toward the table and waved the other horsemen back around the wall. And thus, by no will of his own, the whole spectacular scene was focussed on Thomas Kainson.

And in the excitement of the moment, as he compressed his lips and his eye flashed—

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alas ! it was the flash of anger, not enthusiasm — he looked the leader. His huge figure towered like a Saul. His heavy riding-coat — which happened to be a military one — was closely buttoned, with the collar turned up, and it was splashed with mud, for on one of the country roads he had ridden through a shower. His high boots were spurred and they had clanked on the wood floor as he strode in. He gripped his riding-whip in one hand, and the other had unconsciously clenched itself. Thus attired, with every intimation of the bold rider, with his eye flashing, he stirred the pulse of every man in the room, for to all the “Suspects” this stalwart soldier was the leader who had summoned them thither as a chief calls his clan.

One instant there was dead pause. In that instant Everard quickly distributed the smaller Confederate flags. Major Kainson had hardly reached the table when his son was waving a flag and had flung out his voice, —

“ In Dixie land I take my stand  
To live and die for Dixie — ”

Who could have resisted it? In a flash the whole room was ringing. Not a “Sus-

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pect" there was a "Suspect" any longer. The flags waved frantically, the song pealed like a shout of triumph, and just as the first stanza closed, Chesterton caught up a wineglass and cried, —

"By your permission, Major — 'The Bonny Blue Flag.'"

Another shout and the toast had been drunk. Kainson saw that he had to speak.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I thank you for honouring me with your presence. You see how my son has decorated the table" — he was making a poor attempt to carry it off cavalierly — "we are here, I believe, to deliberate upon important matters with regard to the Confederate cause. Of course, I need not say that the meeting is strictly secret. We pledge ourselves not to reveal a word of what is said to-night. All of us agree to that?"

A general cry of assent.

"Well, then, my friends, Dr. Chesterton is probably the best one to state the case to us. Can all of you find chairs?"

Everard had not forgotten *that*, and the assembly sat down. Chesterton only was standing. He said, —

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"We may as well proceed in the regular way, my friends. I move that Major Kainson be chairman."

It was done on the instant, and Chesterton proceeded, —

"Mr. Chairman and friends — "

Now it may be as well to explain, before giving the substance of his remarks, in just what situation he and Kainson then stood. The Major had gone with him to the farmhouse behind the wood, had met there certain Secessionist leaders, men who could answer for thirty to seventy followers apiece, and then he had galloped far westward to another secret rendezvous and talked with still others. On the way Chesterton had repeated in detail all the resources of the party within the city itself. Returning to the house by the wood, they found Colonel Golding with one of his Majors, who had pushed forward despite all risks, to tell them that his wearied but eager horsemen were picketed in another wood not five miles from the river. There was not the whole brigade which they had expected, but there was a full regiment. Golding, who was a great deal of a daredevil, had ridden back with them to town, while his Major had recrossed the

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river to take temporary command of the regiment and bring it at once as close to the ferry as he dared. With the other Kentuckians he was to wait until he saw the signal fire on the hill to the north of Anderson's, and thereupon he was to dash for the ferry. In a word, everything was ready outside the city, and even Kainson had to own that the concentration of three thousand men on the west edge of Cincinnati could be accomplished without alarm in a few hours. But the doubter was no more at ease in his own mind than he had been the night before, and he still clutched vainly at any straw that promised succour from his whirlpool of indecision. He would not decide until they had returned to Cincinnati and examined the situation there. To refuse point blank, to say "I am not with you," Kainson's heart forbade him to do; to accede, to give the word of onset in what he knew to be a charge on the front of destiny, his head scornfully interdicted. And the strife between the two — a strife that in one of such evenly balanced emotions might have raged forever — was just as acute as when, twenty-four hours before, he had sought escape through compromise and delay.



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But now, in Chesterton's adroit speaking, destiny was at last interfering. He had reviewed eloquently the dispositions already set forth, and eyes lightened at the realisation of the three thousand picked men under arms and in call. He then proceeded to explain why there must be a leader from within the city, why it must be an uprising, not an invasion. Finally, and here is where he became destiny, he described his visit to Kainson the night before, how he had urged him to accept the command, how he had put off the decision until to-night.

"Good Lord!" thought Kainson, "I never dreamed that you were going to put things in that light. That gets me in, at last, too far to get out. I can't ever retreat after all this and what you'll rouse 'em to do now. I'd be idiot or poltroon in the eyes of every one. Well, fate is fate."

Chesterton was saying, —

"We all know that the city is still unprepared. It is now but two or three minutes after nine. We have abundance of time, for it would be foolish to strike until the town is asleep. We can get the Kentucky men across the river by means of the little steamer

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at Anderson's in less than two hours. There is a train from the West that reaches Lawrenceburg about midnight. Our men can seize that and bring up the Indiana men by one in the morning. The townsmen and the Hamilton County men are already under arms. A cipher watchword telegraphed to Anderson's and Lawrenceburg will light the beacons, and our friends will begin to move at once. By two in the morning three thousand men will surround the one regiment which, I am told, has arrived. By three o'clock we shall have possession of every depot of supplies, the armories, the telegraph, the railroads, and the newspapers, and when people go to their business to-morrow they will read a proclamation signed by the citizens now here, declaring a provisional government and calling on all Secessionists to volunteer. Now, gentlemen, can Major Kainson have any doubt about accepting the leadership in such a movement?"

"No, no, no!" shouted everybody.

One large man, with a great ruddy face, jumped upon a chair, and cried,—

"Three cheers for Kainson!"

They were given in roars.

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"Now," he shouted, "a tiger for *Commander Kainson*!"

It was given, and it also was a rouser.

Everard, who had a just appreciation of the value of song in deliberations, waved his banner and began singing — what the whole room immediately caught up — "The Bonny Blue Flag."

When a man has permitted himself to be proclaimed king, and let the crown be pressed upon his brow, when his followers are shouting acclamations, it is too late to say, "I never intended to let you do thus." Kainson perceived that his destiny — or what not, certainly not his will — had decided everything for him, and true to the temper of the agnostic he accepted it, now that it was irrevocable, without a murmur. He was even conscious of a touch of humour. That profound sense of the futility of things, realising the absurdity of his position — he, the doubter, in control of all this zeal — shot up a dry flame of satire, and he smiled grimly. Through all the confusion of his mind pushed prominently the feeling that he had suddenly grown older, that his life had passed its crisis.

"Well, my friends," said he, "if you are

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determined to have me for a leader, what shall we do?"

He rose and laid his hand upon the sheathed sword, adding, —

"Shall we draw or not?"

"Draw!" shouted every voice.

He smiled unmirthfully. To himself he was saying: "You make a sorry leader, Tom Kainson. Your uncle—even your boy Everard—would do it better." He gave one of those leonine shakes to his head, and said, —

"Up, my friends, and drink a health to the Confederacy. Drink out and break your glasses. There is no going back now."

They sprang noisily to their feet with laughter and exclamations and clinking of glasses.

And then did Thomas Kainson, while his eyes smiled mockery at himself, slowly unsheath his sword.

Almost that same instant, out of the near night, sharp, shattering, rang the crash of a volley. A moment later, while he still held his sword in air, and every man in the room seemed suddenly to have been frozen into a statue, loudly, ominously, above the roofs of the city, alarm bells began to boom.

## CHAPTER VII

*To-day, to thee ; to-morrow, to me.*

THE event which must now be described, that ill-starred rising of the Confederates, belongs rather to the general history of Cincinnati than to the personal story of the Kainsons. All of them, of course, had a hand in it, and out of it flowed strange consequences.

There are times when circumstances seem to take on an entity in themselves, when the personalities of the players merge temporarily in the personality of the game, when each man shows to the observer not so much himself as his reflection of the whole. And thus on that Sunday night, in Cincinnati, these four kinsmen moved rapidly through a quick, sharp drama, rendering their parts correctly, with Bellona's bridegroom in the prompter's box. In less pedantic phrase, they played the parts of efficient soldiers, without thinking enough about themselves to bring out their own individualities. Thomas showed no vacillation ; the old

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General manifested little spleen; Vincent had no opportunity to betray his intrepid following of impulse; Everard, until it was all over, dropped his jaunty recklessness. The thing having become inevitable, firmly they struck, two upon the one side and two upon the other, and the ones who had been the quicker in getting upon the ground prevailed.

“Strike or be struck,” the old General had said to the Governor of Ohio; “how can we tell what’s going to come next? You say the telegraph reports a cessation of alarm at Cincinnati. They’re a pack of fools if that’s the case. Kirby Smith *may* turn aside for Louisville, but I can’t imagine him doing it. He must know, as well as all of us know, though we don’t admit it, that the city is chock full of Secessionists. If they had a leader they’d make it hot for us now. That’s our chief safeguard. They’ve been fools enough to let all their best men go South. There’s not a man on the ground who could manage an insurrection with any chance of success,—not a single one. Nevertheless, you had better get all the troops into Cincinnati you can, and do it quick. A mob, with no leader at all, can win a battle against paper proclamations.”

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As a consequence of those downright remarks, Walter Kainson was Provost Marshal, *pro tem.*, of the City of Cincinnati, to retain that authority until the General commanding the Department of the Ohio could send an officer from the front to relieve him. And the Governor had been able to do more than merely bestow a title. A new regiment of volunteers had been hurried upon the cars, several militia companies had been telegraphed to join the Provost at Dayton, and thus it was that General Kainson, who had gone forth empty-handed except for his own grim will, came back, between eight and nine o'clock, with a good eight hundred men. Before Major Tom drew rein at the gate of the Terraces, and his horses were led away into the death-trap of that dark alley, the Provost Marshal had, counting the Rifles, some fifteen hundred men at the City Hall.

Behold the old tyrant sitting at the Mayor's desk, of which he has taken temporary possession, writing orders for the immediate gathering of the militia. His lips are hard, his jaws square, his eye harshly bright, his rugged eyebrows frowning. To him enters an orderly to report that a woman has informed him that

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something queer is going on at the Terraces. The little man leaps upon his feet.

"What!" he shouts.

The orderly repeats his information. There are armed men patrolling the grounds; the house is entirely dark, but a number of people have been admitted to it; the narrow alley opening opposite the gate, that black cut among the houses, is filled with horses.

"Who reports this?"

The orderly does not know. It was some woman in a thick veil. She had suggested that they might investigate for themselves.

"Humph!" grunts the Provost.

For a moment he stands still and frowns. It is an odd little figure, for the old man dresses some twenty years out of date and he has not troubled himself to get into uniform. He had telegraphed, however — being, as I said before, a most precise old gentleman, in a way — for his boots, his horse, and his riding-coat to meet him at the train. He is wearing now both the boots and the coat — the great jackboots with enormous spurs, the old-fashioned buff coat, showing long service — and upon his head — most unmilitary of head-gears! — one of those tall white hats without



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which he has never stirred abroad since the cause of eternal righteousness had prevailed and his friend and comrade General Harrison was elected President. I fear I am doing violence to the military character of the present chapter by recording such insignificant details, but the Muse of History put me up to it. I wish to make plain how completely, not only in his unrelenting mind but in his whole aspect, this temporary Provost of Cincinnati was a picturesque anachronism.

"Well," said he at length, "something will happen in this town to-night—that's plain. And they are telegraphing to Columbus that there was a general cessation of alarm. Humph! Orderly, send in Major Kainson and Captain O'Neil."

He continued, talking to himself, —

"At least, I hope Thomas is in the thick of 'em at last. If he is n't, I'll fix him. I'll not have a wabblers in this family any longer. But that's not the point. What we want to do is to strike terror at once. If they are going to do anything to-night, they have gone on the assumption that we are n't prepared. It's certain that no force worth mentioning has come into town from without.

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That could n't happen and the police not know. Either they are waiting for a force that's coming later or they'll trust to a surprise and to the Secessionists already here. A surprise! Humph! *They'll* get the surprising. But the point is, they cannot now be ready to move and they *must*—that's certain—they *must* be trusting to the idea that nobody suspects their scheme. There's my cue. My best plan is to let 'em see at once that I know what they're up to, that the whole city knows, that there's no chance of a surprise. They must be scattered about town in small divisions—for the biggest fool on earth would n't begin massing 'em before midnight—and we can meet 'em one by one and destroy 'em piecemeal. Orderly!"

The old man reached for the orders he had been writing and tore them in pieces. "No time for that," he muttered. To the soldier he said, "Go at once to the Central Station of the Fire Department and say that the Provost Marshal orders the muster signal for the militia to be rung on every fire bell in town in ten minutes"—he glanced at his watch—"it is now five minutes of nine; they must ring muster at five minutes after."

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To Vincent, who had also entered with Captain O'Neil, he said, —

"I want O'Neil's company at once. You, Vincent, know the map of the city. Send out your men in half companies to patrol the streets. The Confederates are gathering at various points — we must find out where."

Vincent left the room, and the Provost turned to O'Neil. On the wall, above the Mayor's desk, hung a map of the city.

"You see where we are?" said the Provost, putting his finger on the location of the Hall.

O'Neil nodded.

"And you see that house," — putting his finger on the Terraces, — "and you see this alley opening south from the street in front of it; well, you go down this street to there," — indicating the course with his finger, — "then turn and come out here," — moving his finger eastward at right angles, — "and that brings you to the south end of the alley. You'll find it is full of horses. Summon whoever has charge of them, and if they won't surrender, fire right up the alley and kill every horse there. Then watch the Terraces and act on your discretion till you're

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reinforced. Hurry! You can do it before the bells ring."

O'Neil was out of the room, and in a moment his men were off at the double quick.

"Get that cavalry troop here instantly," commanded the Provost, "and have my horse at the door."

The cavalry were part of the Dayton militia, and they had been delayed in getting away from the depot. While he waited for them the Provost completed his arrangements. Vincent, with the aid of the militia, as fast as it came in, was to beat the town for the quarry. The regiment of volunteers was to march to the first point where serious conflict was developed. The cavalry were to act as scouts and aids. Presently the troop came up on the gallop, and several were despatched to reconnoitre the Terraces and bring word of O'Neil. And then for a few moments there was the dead pause.

Now, the veiled woman, who of course was Mrs. Kainson, had been slightly in error. We, who have seen the horses disappear into shadow on the south side of the street before the Terraces, know that there were only

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half a dozen, with two men as sentries. Had poor O'Neil known as much, one more sad story need not have been told. But war, to the dull civilian mind, seems very largely to be a game of blindman's buff, — you mistaking your enemy and he mistaking you, and thus by complicated misinformation stumbling into each other's arms and hewing murderously, — and such, at any rate, it was in Cincinnati that night of August the thirty-first.

For O'Neil, coming to the mouth of the alley, found no horses, nothing but blackness, and thought, say his men, that he had missed the place. However, simply to be sure, he wheeled them into column, halted, and went alone into the alley, — for George O'Neil never sent a soldier where his duty permitted him to go himself. The rest of the story is told by his men. He had been gone perhaps a minute when he called back to them to come on. They marched steadily into the alley, and as soon as they got used to the dark, saw their captain still going forward some sixty feet in front of them, and beyond him, perhaps fifty yards farther, the horses. As I hinted awhile ago, the Rifles were not a regiment in which the sacredness of discipline had yet been

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grasped, and some one called to O'Neil to wait. But he paid no heed and went forward alone, with that long gap between himself and his men. They quickened their pace — once more that fatal lack of discipline which, in the end, was to cost this regiment so dear! — but just then something happened — it was all over in the twinkling of an eye — which checked their advance, while they were still a dozen yards from their Captain. A tall man had sprung out of the darkness, leaped upon O'Neil, and though the Captain had flung down his sword and tried to grip and throw him, was unable to do it, and the stranger was pressing a revolver to his temple.

“One step nearer and I blow his brains out,” yelled the sentry, and the company had halted.

“Order 'em back,” they heard the sentry say to O'Neil, and then he whispered something to another man who had joined him and the latter set off at a run up the alley. Then they heard the voice of O'Neil saying, —

“Let me get my head round.”

The tone of his voice, say many, gave them warning; a zeal of wrath took hold of them, and they had raised their rifles before there rang out the one short order, —

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“Fire!”

The rest was all in an instant. The bullet crashed through O’Neil’s brain; there was a sudden deluge of jutting red flashes; a sound as of innumerable iron plates shattering furiously together; the sentry spun upon his heel and went down in a heap; a horse leaped high in air with an intolerable scream of agony and fell across the bodies of the two men; other horses collapsed, screaming and pawing; one, at the far end of the line, broke loose, and fled wildly into the street; the second sentry, overtaken by a bullet as he was hurrying toward the mouth of the alley, went down, mercifully unconscious.

And then in that illimitable, vibrating boom of alarm, those iron masses, hidden somewhere in mid-air, began tolling the muster.

What a moment for such a sound! How that thunder of clanging iron struck dismay into every house, whether Federal or Secessionist, in the whole city! To the militiamen scattered in their homes it carried the hoarse roar, “To arms!” To their wives it pealed “Woe! Woe!” To the Confederate bands, assembled at their various secret places, it came like a death-knell. They were awaiting

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orders, and orders came not, and in their stead pealed the tocsin of the enemy. Every instant they remained still, the Federals would be gathering new strength, and who could tell to what purpose? Who had been found out? Was the thunderbolt about to be hurled? Where would it fall? To what assemblage had the enemy got the clew? Which band might not, at any instant, find itself surrounded and hear the voice of overwhelming odds summoning it to surrender? Louder, deadlier, boomed the muster, growing in volume with each reverberation. To stand still, for those amazed Confederates, became momentarily more of a peril; to move, with no concerted point whereon to rally, more hopeless; to scatter to their homes, each man for himself, at once more cowardly and more dangerous. Boom, boom, boom!

And nowhere, probably, was there a moment of such crushing dismay as in the dining-room of the House of the Terraces. The commanding figure of Major Kainson still towered at the foot of the table, his sword lifted. He was like a statue. Upon his ears and those of his guests were ringing the hoofbeats of a horse galloping frantically. They heard



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the voices of men and footsteps running to the front of the house.

It was Everard who was first to speak.

"Those are our men," he cried, "one of our companies that has been under arms the whole evening."

"Come with me, Everard," said Kainson; "we must see what has happened."

They ran to the front of the house, and Everard threw open the door. But they were not alone, for all their guests had surged after them and the entire company poured out into the moonshine of the portico. There they stood, in an instant of awed silence, feeling vaguely that their enemy was upon them, but whence, where, in what force or fashion, they could not yet fathom.

The scene before them was mysterious, — it hinted so much, it revealed so little. Beneath, terrace under terrace, the steep slope fell away through the uncertain moonshine, glimmering bare and ghostly. In all that the eye could see, save for one thing, there was mere emptiness of moonshine, a great hollow watched by two groups of astonished men, — one in the portico; the other, the guardsmen, with rifles in hand just outside, — and far away, overhead, was the

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booming of the bells. But away, beyond the foot of the lowest terrace, still beyond, at the far side of the vague, shimmering street, lay a bank of dense blackness, the shadow of a ridge of buildings, and somewhere from the depths of that shadow came the blood-curdling screaming of dying horses. From the edge of the bank of shadow, there was slipping lazily into the moonshine, wavering up and down in the slightest sort of billowy movement, eddying sidewise as it floated upward, the most delicate, gauzy streamer, softer than any cobweb, — pale, blue rifle smoke.

They had not stood there a minute, the pale blue streamer, melting so rapidly into the moonshine, still showed like a floating wraith, when a pistol-shot sounded in the depth of the shadow. The volume of the screaming became less, and in ten seconds there was another shot and it ceased altogether. Except for the far-away booming of the muster, there was breathless silence, — that creeping, crawling silence, as if the pressure of invisible fingers upon the beating of a naked heart, which comes only with the startled cessation of ghostly sound. Into the vast white tomb of the moonshine that spirit-

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like wraith of smoke, lifted suddenly upon an upper current of air, waved a moment like the tossing of hands, and vanished.

"Damn 'em!" said Chesterton, "they've killed five of the best horses outside Kentucky. Aren't we going to do anything, Major Kainson?"

The leader did not answer, but spoke to the group of guardsmen.

"Can you make out the head of the alley?" he asked.

They told him they could.

"Here — all of you — come inside the house — that's it — now drop some shots into the alley."

A dozen rifles blazed, and out of the bank of darkness rose a cry, and then a far-away murmur like the muttering of a caldron. The next instant the wall of blackness seemed to split suddenly open, again there was the deluge of jutting red flashes lighting up the narrow cleft in the houses like the mouth of the pit; there was the banging, shattering roar, and the bullets rained upon the Terraces. They struck the great columns, chipping out the edges; they ripped open the shutters, and there was an immense crack-

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ling of glass ; some tore upward, burying themselves in the ceiling ; some, shot from the rear ranks, plunged downward from the zenith, and one of these, catching a poor fellow who was kneeling by a column full upon the neck, slit the jugular vein clean open. And it was not a volley only ; the men in the alley were firing at will. There was a steady spurting of those blood-red flashes, a continual rattling thunder, and a steady singing of bullets.

“Into the back rooms, all of you,” shouted Kainson, — “back !”

They surged to the rear of the house, the riflemen carrying their dead comrade, and the conspirators stood again around the flag in the dining-room, while the bullets from the unseen enemy rained in the portico.

“Gentlemen,” said Kainson, “you are unarmed. If any of you want to leave us, I will shoulder this whole affair. I will say you are my guests, who had rejected my propositions, and were detained here as prisoners. We have no time for deliberation now. Who goes, who stays ?”

“By God, Tom Kainson,” said the big man who had led the cheers, “I guess we’re not cowards. It may have taken us a good while

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to make up our minds, but when we gave the word we meant it."

"We're with you, all of us," was the shout of the whole company.

Kainson looked at Chesterton and Everard.

"You said the chief depot was Humbolt's stable, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied both in a breath.

"Quick!" cried Kainson; "if we stay here, we are rats in a hole. We must escape by the back and rally our people at Humbolt's. Everard, you lead. Take the darkest alleys. Everybody follow."

The captain of the guardsmen touched him on the arm and said, —

"I and my men will stay here. We will draw the whole Federal force around us and give you a free field."

For an instant the doubter rose again in Thomas Kainson. Why should this gallant fellow sacrifice himself in that mad adventure? But the leader bit his lips, caught the man's hand, and said only, —

"You are a brave man."

"Burn the flags," shouted Everard, as he threw open the back windows; "don't let 'em be captured."

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"That'll be all right," said the captain, grimly.

And the next minute, just in time, they were away, through the alley behind the Terraces, and the guardsmen had opened fire from the front of the house. Humbolt's lay to the east; the City Hall, to the west. As they turned eastward, those of the fugitives who glanced over their shoulders saw, across the far west end of the alley, in a narrow slice of moonlight, a swift streaming of galloping horsemen.

"Hurry!" whispered Everard; "the minute we cross the next street, we're safe."

It is a good quarter of a mile from the Terraces to Humbolt's, but Everard was able to carry them there in safety. They threaded dark clefts of alleys,—first east, then north, then east again,—and only at the crossings of streets was there any danger. There they would throw out scouts; and if any troops were in sight, would draw back into darkness until they had passed; if the streets were empty, they would slip across in knots to the next alley, and so away. As the streets lie at right angles, and of the "squares" thus formed almost every one is cut by two alleys crossing

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in the centre, only caution and patience were necessary to success. Twenty minutes of this feeling of the way, and they were in the great barn of Humbolt's, where were sixty horses, above a cellar full of arms.

And then began a strange hour in the city of Cincinnati. It began with the despatch of couriers, who were mounted on Humbolt's horses, who slipped out the back way, caught favourable moments when the streets near the stable were empty, and dashed off to carry news of the rendezvous. But while these horsemen were galloping hither and thither, and the moonlit streets rang with their hoof-beats, Federal couriers were also dashing this way and that. Here and there a daredevil of a Confederate, passing a Federal courier and being enlightened by the other's uniform,—the Secessionists wore no uniform save a bright red handkerchief knotted round the throat,—shot at him and galloped on; or, turning a corner, plunged into a company of militia, wheeled on the instant, employing his revolver backward as he fled, and escaped unhurt, through a volley. And later, when the Confederate companies began to come in toward Humbolt's, one, at least, fell in with

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a company of militia, indulged in some brisk firing, and at last scattered it with the bayonet. All the while there was constant rattle of firing round the House of the Terraces, now completely surrounded, but because of its position temporarily impregnable.

But that scouring of the city served at last to put the Confederates right as to the number of their assailants. A very brave show it all seemed to the rank and file, hurrying through the alleys, eagerly overjoyed to be free of their suspense, confident of a gallant muster at Humbolt's. To the leaders, however, sitting on their horses in the great barn, each courier as he returned, each detachment as it arrived, added one more touch of dismay. Skilfully as their partisans had evaded the patrolling Federals and had flocked to the rendezvous, all, from every part of the town, told the same story, — Federals everywhere, in hurried march, thronging toward the City Hall. What could it mean, this fertility with which the vague brightness of the night gave up at every turning a line of twinkling bayonets? What, but that the tables were turned, — that they, not their enemies, were caught in a trap?



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It was ten o'clock, several hundred men were under arms at Humbolt's, and now word was brought in that the Federals appeared to have thrown a chain of companies right across the city, from north to south, and were slowly moving eastward. Instead of one regiment they had at least four thousand men.

"Let us throw ourselves on one end of the line and cripple 'em terribly, if that's all," cried Everard.

But his father answered with the scorn that was natural to him, —

"Throw away your whole chance of benefiting the Cause for a little pinchbeck glory! We'll make a dash for the river, my boy, seize the ferry-boats, and join our friends at Anderson's."

And that was what they did. There is no need to record the details, nor tell how hotly the matter was debated; to name those who lost their nerve and balked at the leap, while precious moments were thrown away, and that strong blue chain rolled slowly, link by link, across the city. Suffice it that they reached the river, — those of them who stood firm, — horse and foot, in safety; that they seized the ferry-boat, the foot were hurried aboard, while

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the horsemen, scattering along the bank, cut the cables of the remaining steamers or fired into their boilers.

And then, as the intensity of the situation began to wane, the personalities of the actors, submerged hitherto in the general drama, began to reassert themselves. The infantry were all aboard, the horsemen were beginning to reassemble, when Everard rode up to his father and Chesterton.

"I am not going," said he.

Both men stared at him, and the boy laughed.

"I'm going to stay here and play the spy. I'll be with you in a day or two."

"It is not necessary," said his father.

"On the contrary, I think it is," cried Chesterton. "I will stay myself if Everard does n't. But he is much better fitted, for he knows the city. Surely, Major, you won't object."

"I'm not going to give him the chance," laughed Everard, gaily. "I take it as a trust from you, doctor. By, by."

He trotted up the steep slope, but hardly had he reached the top when he wheeled his horse and came galloping back.

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"Quick!" he shouted, "cast off! They've got wind; they're coming."

He turned to his left and went tearing through the moonshine along the edge of the stream. He was barely lost in the white glimmer, through which the spectral river mist was beginning to rise, when a little man on horseback showed at the top of the slope. For all his eighty years he sat his horse as lightly as a boy. It was a steep descent, cobblestoned, and of utmost danger for fast riding. But the little man in the jack-boots and the buff coat and the tall old hat did not tighten his rein any more than his grand-nephew had done. Recklessly as Everard, down he thundered, his horse-hoofs striking fire from the flinty cobblestones, and hard after him pressed his followers. Midway a horse stumbled, a man was flung over his head, the pack of the riders swerved right and left without checking its speed, and behind it the man lay still; his horse galloped on, keeping place in the line. There was still a third of the slope to be traversed when the paddles moved and the huge ferry-boat slid out into the stream.

"Fire!" rang the sharp, high voice of the

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old horseman. He threw his hand forward over his horse's head, and the red flash spurted from his navy revolver. The other riders emptied their carbines.

"Fire in return!" cried Chesterton.

"I'll be damned if we do," said Thomas Kainson, in a sudden disgust with himself, — for was he not futility of the futilities, compared with that old man who had chased him out of town? — but he added apologetically, "We're clean out of range."

Behind them the old General had ridden into the river, and his last shot had been fired with the water above his spurs.

Awhile afterward, when they had disembarked on the Kentucky shore, and Kainson and the other citizens who had thus flung themselves into exile were pushing silently for the ferry, Chesterton, who could always be bland when it would produce an effect, rode to his side and said, —

"Let me pay my compliments to the Kainson blood. It has distinguished itself to-night on both sides."

"I wish, doctor," said Kainson, wearily, "you could exchange me for that old man who rode after us into the river."

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"All for the best," laughed Chesterton. "He has got ahead of us once. He shall never do so again." To himself he said, "I quite agree that old Walter is the one man in the lot."

He added meditatively, speaking aloud, —

"If Everard gets the clew to his plans, at least we may pay the score. The boy is quick-witted. He has aplomb in plenty. I believe — yes, sir, I'll stake all I have on it — he'll get the clew; and then comes our turn."

"I'm afraid not," said Kainson; and he and the group of exiles, who were to return, some of them, never again, went silently on, through the white and ghostly moonshine.

And thus ended the first — and only the first — of the things that went wrong in that last night of August, 1862.

## CHAPTER VIII

*This earthen jar,  
A touch can make, a touch can mar.*

LONGFELLOW.

LET no one imagine that this modest narrative is to become involved with the great affairs of history. Being wholly a personal and family record, it must not pretend to be anything else. Therefore let us take leave at once of the Provost Marshal *pro tem.* of the City of Cincinnati, and concern ourselves not at all with what orders he next issued; nor how, on that eventful night, he disposed his battalions; nor at just what moment he had compelled the surrender of the House of the Terraces; nor what curt despatches he sent off to the Governor at Columbus. Instead, let us revert to the man Walter Kainson, the stern little old gentleman in his high boots and his antiquated coat, who now paces to and fro, toward the hour of midnight, in the portico of the Terraces.

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He has passed through a stormy scene, and his temper is at its worst. As he strides back and forth, he growls to himself that Bessie is a fool, Vincent a plaguy impudent young man, and Thomas — damn him! — a “Rebel.” For the pretty Vixen has been sobbing wildly in the pose of abandoned wife, and Vincent, though his face is white as stone, has fiercely denied that his father does aught dishonourable. Old Walter himself, who yesterday asked only that his nephew should take a definite side, now can see only that Thomas is a “Rebel,” an enemy, one who has defied him. Consistency, thou art a jewel — extremely rare!

And yet in this old man's heart there is a stern sorrow, never admitted by himself, much less appreciated by others; a rankling, scornful disappointment; a grief that is part his fierce egoism, part tyrannical stubbornness, but part, also, real unhappiness, real shame, that his blood is among the upholders of a cause he considers wicked. However, let us pass him over. These harsh exacting men, who cannot in any possibility imagine their opponents to be justified, have wrought such harm, first or last, that while the world always uses

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them at a crisis, it may be that the world can excuse itself, once the crisis is over, in casting them aside among the potsherds of history. Who knows? Let us pass on.

And now what a different being it is mine to record! To that stern old man, in the stern mood, there enters the child of destiny, Everard. The rascal comes jauntily up the steps of the Terraces, whistling at the top of his bent—what? “The Star Spangled Banner”? “John Brown’s Body”? He is no such fool,—that is to say, so *he* believes. But oh, the astuteness of youth, what is it?—a tissue of illusions, a soap-bubble blown of a wind! This boy, who has acted hitherto solely upon instinct, is to-night making his first perilous experiment at acting from intention, at planning and playing a part. He had wagged a wise young head, remembered the dashing spies who have ruffled it so impossibly through the glorious world of romances,—that world where no awkward questions are ever asked,—and he has decided to tread in their footsteps, take the rôle of impertinent tease unawed by circumstances,—in a word, to “bluff.” Therefore, as he slowly ascends the steps, he is whistling “Dixie.”



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He had made up his mind—this subtle schemer!—exactly what he would do. He would attach himself in some obscure way to the defence of the city, hang about the Mayor's office, get a clew to the purpose of the authorities, and then escape. He would not, indeed, deny that he had been connected with the rising. He would admit that he had accompanied his father to the river. As there was no telling who might have seen them, it would not be safe to do anything else. And besides there was the dashing rôle he was playing. Was not just this what the bold D'Artagnan or glorious Porthos would have done in his place? Everard Kainson had not read "The Three Musketeers" for nothing, and he felt on this night that, except for a cloak and a feather and a jingling rapier, he was even as they were, and they, of course, trod perpetually in the path of glory.

"Woe to the youth whom fancy gains," as Sir Walter Scott so wisely tells us, and in Everard Kainson we have one more illustration of that truth. It is all very well for Porthos and D'Artagnan to take their grand risks as long as they have Dumas to see them through, but even those heroes, in actual life,

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where the opportune accident is just as likely to favour the other man as favour them, even Porthos and D'Artagnan had best be careful. And still more Everard Kainson! One's first experiments at thinking are always dangerous, and when one bases those experiments instinctively on the lives of the illustrious Musketeers, the result is likely to be serious. "Thy ways are not my ways," whispers Life to Romance, "but they are too pretty to be denied;" and youth does not always catch that whisper.

So it was that Everard Kainson, who was just the maddest romancer of us all, with his high fancies, his utter newness to reason, came whistling up the steps of the Terraces. He did not, indeed, expect to encounter his grand-uncle. Had he known that the old lion himself was at the top of the steps, it is probable that even Everard, for all his recklessness, would not have whistled "Dixie." His brother Vincent was the only member of the kindred who did not stand in some awe of the old General. And now, when General Kainson strode to the front of the portico and looked down, while Everard was looking up, and their eyes met, the boy's

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faith in his part gave immense lurch to leeward, like a ship struck suddenly by a great sea. He stopped stock still, his whistling snapped off in the middle of a note, and he stared foolishly at his uncle.

The old man gave that short hard laugh of his.

"You look as if you had seen a ghost," said he. "What were you whistling that impudence for?"

Two people came out of the house and stood beside General Kainson in the portico. They were the Major's wife and Vincent. Mrs. Bessie was still tear-stained, the bereaved wife sat in all her features, there was a smelling-bottle in her hand. Vincent had the look of one who is bearing a great disappointment, but saying to himself, "It is hard, yet why should I sit in judgment? he did nothing he had not a right to do." The sight of his set, proud face, his flashing eye, his scornful lip, made Everard's heart bound. Good old Vin!—*he* would see fair play, though his own soul were the stake. Everard threw up his head, and though he took his breath in a great gulp, he rallied his nerve and answered his uncle coolly.

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"I'm whistling 'Dixie,'" said he, "because I like it. It's the jolliest air that ever was."

"Humph!" grunted old Walter, as the boy stepped into the portico, "where have you been to-night?"

Everard felt a sudden tingling all over him, and for an instant he was tempted to lie. The Inquisition had clutched him sooner than he had foreseen. He had such a feeling, I imagine, as comes upon an emotional, impulsive young fellow, the first time he springs forward to the charge. But Everard did not wholly lose his head, and he remembered that even if he *must* stretch the truth later, that time had not come. He put on the best manner he could summon and answered, —

"With dad."

"What!"

The roar of a point-blank salvo, when the whole head of the column melts in cannon smoke, could not, to the boy in charge, be more disconcerting than was the tone of that one word to Everard.

"Yes, sir," said he, a little humbly.

Vincent turned and walked to the end of the portico, and his lip trembled. Was his

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brother against them, after all? Mrs. Kainson leaned against a column and pressed a handkerchief to her eyes. But old Walter, thinking of the long battle with Thomas, his vacillation and equivocation, surprised every one by saying curtly, —

“At least, you ’re honest about it.”

He paused a moment, then added, —

“Where did you leave him?”

“At the landing.”

“Humph! what did you come back for?”

“Because I would n’t go with him.”

He spoke defiantly, with a toss of his head, for he was gathering wrath, through thus being driven to bay.

“Oh, Ev, you dear fellow,” cried Mrs. Kainson, who knew perfectly well that he was deceiving them, but could not miss the chance for her own demonstration. She flung herself upon him and burst into new floods on his shoulder. Vincent strode to him and gripped his arm.

“God bless you, old fellow,” said he, his voice shaking; “it must have been an awful pull to leave him. Poor old father! To be all alone and an exile and every one of us against him!”

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But Walter Kainson was not for such displays. The points of his mouth, it seemed, went down to the bottom of his chin, and he stamped angrily.

"Tut, tut!" he cried. "Everard, answer me directly, Are you a rebel or not?"

"Has n't he answered already?" retorted Vincent, hotly. "Uncle Walter, the boy has done the bravest thing that any of us have ever done. Would many men have the courage to leave their fathers at such a moment, no matter what their belief?"

Everard listened as in a daze. Affairs were taking a turn of which he had never remotely dreamed. He felt a choking shame in his throat as he listened to old Walter's sneer,—

"Very sentimental, Vincent. What I want is the boy's own answer. Speak up, Everard. Are you a rebel or not?"

"I am not."

Everard Kainson had crossed his Rubicon, and his heart seemed to stop dead and then thump at his ribs, for never before had he told a point-blank lie. He had realised, of course, that the rôle of spy would demand some stretching of the truth, some "yarning" as he called it to himself, but here was the

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grim reality; and Everard had grown up beneath the shadow of the great tradition that whatever else a gentleman does, he does not lie.

"It seems to me, uncle," Vincent was saying angrily, "you could have spared that question. The Kainsons are n't liars."

Everard felt for a moment that he wanted to strike Vincent in the face.

"There was a time," said the General, grimly, "when people said that if a Kainson failed you, everybody failed you."

Again he was thinking fiercely of Thomas, and wounded family pride—for the Kainsons had been people of consequence and *not* vacillators, time out of mind—was rankling deep. He had turned aside a moment in half-meditation, as he thought of the stain on the family honour, the stain of Thomas's vacillation, or, as it seemed to Walter, his double dealing; but now he wheeled suddenly upon Vincent.

"Get me the Bible," said he.

Vincent stared. Then it flashed upon him what his uncle intended.

"You are going to swear him!" he exclaimed. "For shame, sir! I won't get it."

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The old General caught him by the arm, and though Vincent was a head taller and near sixty years younger, shook him savagely.

"Boy!" he thundered, "I am your superior officer."

Vincent drew himself up and saluted.

"Your orders, sir?"

"Get me the Bible."

It was brought, and the old man said to Everard, —

"I am not doubting your word, my boy — if anybody said that a man of my family would lie point-blank, I'd call him out and shoot him; laws against it or no laws — but every soul in Cincinnati shall take the oath of allegiance. We'll begin right here. Do you, Everard Kainson, hereby solemnly swear —" And he went clear through the oath, closing with the awful words, "So help me God, Amen."

A strained and husky voice, with slight resemblance to the usual jaunty tones of Everard Kainson, answered feebly, —

"I do."

Alas, poor Everard! How now about the doctrine, "All's fair in love and war"? Here you are, face to face with that awful



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riddle of the Sphinx, — for surely this and not the silly thing reported is what the Sphinx asked, — Does the end ever justify the means? if so, how, when, why? You confront that riddle, and you are keeping your word to Chesterton at the Landing, you are gallantly going forward in the rôle you have chosen; and if these men facing you were strangers, you would not now be in such inward turmoil. You would be somewhat awed, a little scared at your own conscience, — for, as I have hinted, the firm lie and the false oath were, in your naïve brain, no part of the rôle you had assumed, — you would be all this, but you would not be overwhelmed. It does, indeed, make a difference, in this world, whose ox is gored. The things that excuse me in all my actions are of vastly different moment in the actions of all my neighbours. Had these men been strangers, did they not trust you, had not Vincent so rashly defended you, did they not awaken in you the sense of family pride, had not the Kainson honour leaped suddenly forth at their speaking, the goring of the ox would be one thing. For though I am greatly attached to you, Mr. Everard, I realise that you are very short-sighted, — a most thoughtless, as

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yet a thoroughly flippant, young man ; and no matter of abstract truth, of the bare nakedness of right and wrong, would ever have stirred up your boy nature as it is stirred this moment. I feel for you, I commiserate you, and while, as your historian, I dare not attempt the philosophy of this question — dare any man attempt it in the peacefulness of the closet? — still, for your own sake, I am glad that it has clutched you. In youth, Mr. Everard, there is no necessary connection between principles and life ; for some men there is never such a connection ; but for those who emerge from boyhood there comes a moment when principles and life strike sharply into contact, when an electric current, so to speak, is established between them, and character — shall we call it predestined, inevitable? — lifteth its veil. And here, in this case, we have a warm-hearted, impulsive young man, who has never hitherto done a cold-blooded action, who has never until now told a deliberate lie, and yet even now he is clinging despairingly to the doctrine, “All’s fair in love and war.”

Life is indeed the maelstrom, the fang of the serpent, it is the jaws of death ; in one aspect life is everything that is terrible and

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appalling. Thank Heaven there is still that other aspect in which it is everything that is tender and noble! But just now all Everard Kainson can think of is the whirl of the maelstrom. He has not a clear idea of what answers he makes to his uncle and brother when they leave him and with short soldierly words of comment go down the steps and away to their headquarters at the City Hall. He pays no heed to the Vixen, he does not see the triumph in her eyes, nor guess that she is saying to herself, "You won't hold that eavesdropping over my head *now*; you're in too deep water, you have too much to hide of your own." And Everard does not answer when she bids him good-night with hypocritical sweetness and then trips away to her room, but only to fly into a black dress and veil and then to glide downstairs and watch him catlike from a distance. He has sat down upon the top step to the portico, his head in his hands, and he is saying angrily to himself, —

"I am a perfect jackass. Why the devil do I let this cut me up so? Everybody understands that a spy does n't have to tell the truth. A spy's expected to misrepresent

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things, and every one looks upon spying as honourable. But Vincent is such a fool, and the old man is such a tyrant — confound him! — they put such a nasty light on everything. They make you feel you're a sneak, when you're simply doing your duty. And why in thunder did Vincent have to get sentimental about it! That's the way he always does. He's forever going off on a tangent and tilting at a windmill. It would n't have been half so bad if he had n't lugged in his heroics. *I* did n't say I had done anything noble with dad. All *I* said was that I came back because I would n't go farther with him. Was n't that true? If Vincent had only kept his mouth shut, the old man would have been satisfied. That was a plain, sensible account of myself. But Vincent had to fire off his sentimental rockets, and that got the old chap mad — who *would n't* have been mad at 'em! — and down he came on me like a thousand of brick. I'd like to wring your neck, Uncle Walter — you little, dried-up old monkey!"

But as Everard sat there with his head in his hands while the moon slid almost to the horizon, and Mrs. Kainson watched him spitefully from the dark of the hall, his predomi-

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nant feeling became a longing to be through with the whole business, to get back to his friends, to throw off deception and be honest once again. There was no thought of abandoning his task — not he! — but there was now a strong distaste for it. If anything should happen that would get him out of this without further lying, and yet without breaking the trust he had taken from Chesterton at the water-side, he would feel like dancing for joy, whether he took back valuable news or not. So quickly can youth submerge in its own affairs the most stirring eternal interests!

However, the part played by Vincent, that stormy night, had not quite ended. While Everard still sat upon the steps, still fumed against his kinsman, an orderly galloped to the front of the Terraces. He sprang up the steps and delivered a message, heard not only by Everard but by that other and more composed spy, who was playing *her* part privately, to the knowledge of no one but herself, and without a shadow of doubt.

“Mr. Everard Kainson?” said the orderly.

“Yes,” said Everard.

“Major Vincent Kainson sends word, sir,

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that you will be attached to his staff, as he is to act temporarily as brigade commander. He will be at Mr. Enfield Dayton's at nine o'clock in the morning. You will be good enough to meet him there."

"Tell him I'll be there," replied Everard.

And so simple are the ways of the mind in the frying-pan that Everard Kainson actually hailed that order with delight. It meant, he argued, that he would be pushed out to the front, far away from headquarters, and with no more opportunity to deceive. Singular — is n't it? — how from the point of view in the frying-pan the fire seems so often to have the exact look of pleasant fields and green pastures. How often, from the intolerable stew above, one leaps into still worse stew beneath, with perfect certainty that it is a leap into still waters! Everard sprang upon his feet with renewed spirits, and his buoyant nature began to return to him. The worst was surely over, and he would take care never to be caught in such a box again.

But what was that?

A man had appeared a moment at the foot of the Terraces, whistled a bar of "Dixie," waved to Everard to follow, and disappeared

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into the alley of death on the south side of the street.

Everard's pulse quickened, for though the moon was now too dim for recognition, even at close distance, something in the whistling told him that it was Golding.

## CHAPTER IX

*Like to Furies, like to Graces.*

TENNYSON.

“WHAT ’s become of Waring since he gave us all the slip,” sang the late Mr. Browning, “chose land travel or seafaring” —and I have forgotten what other things necessary to the rhyme. Quite as poetically, I dare say, my reader has been asking, “What’s become of Golding since *he* gave us all the slip” —there, at the foot of the Terraces? Well, I have implied — rather, baldly stated — that Colonel Golding was a good deal of a dare-devil, and if the reader will recall that he had a sorrow-laden little daughter from whom — by means of the secret post-office which had its headquarters in Cincinnati, which went on in connection with the smuggling of supplies — he had received many brave letters — letters that tried so hard not to show her great unhappiness, letters that succeeded in making it plain as daylight — if the reader will but recall, he can guess, I think, what Colonel



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Golding has been up to. But man proposes, and the rest too often takes care of itself. What the Colonel had intended to do was to get beneath Miss Amy's window — for things were very quiet in Dayton House on Sunday nights, and at nine the Colonel's little sweetheart was sure to be in her room — whistle her down to him, and give her ten, five, at least one rapturous minute, wherein she could see for herself that he was alive and well. And that is what he would have done had not Fate interfered and precipitated that unhappy skirmish at the House of the Terraces. The Colonel was still some way from Dayton House when the far-away crash of the volley and then the booming of the muster fell upon his ears. Farewell to love and sentiment and my lady's bower till we know what these things mean! He wheeled about and started for the Terraces. One more heart, not recorded in the chapter before the last, was beating fearfully with the dread of failure, with the suspicion that the Secessionists might be caught in a trap. And, of course, anybody can see what followed. He came in sight of the Terraces only to find that he was barred by a line of soldiers.

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He took a lower street and got to the west of them and found that another line was between him and the house. Trying to go north and come down on the Terraces from the rear, he found that soldiers were massing there also. He paused bewildered. Upon him as upon his associates fell the confusing sense that his enemies were thronging out of nowhere, that the very earth was yielding up lines of bayonets. He did not know the locations of the companies within town; he had no idea upon what point they would rendezvous; he was at sea. He was worse than that; he was now entirely cut off from his companions, for the chain of Federal detachments was rapidly forming; it lay in a north and south line through the Terraces, and Golding, being west of it, was in just the part of the town where there were fewest of his party. The east, the northeast, and the northwest were the locations of the Secessionists. He, in the southwest quarter of the city, with the Terraces about to be stormed, was alone. And so it had come about that he did not join his comrades, that he was left behind in their retreat, that afterward he had hung about the Terraces till he saw Ever-

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ard, as he thought, alone, and then had whistled to him. And that's what's become of Waring since he gave us all the slip, — a most precarious and unenviable adventure!

But Everard, as we know, — and he and his uncle did not know, — was not entirely alone. As the boy started up, — the sound of that familiar whistle chasing everything else from his head, — a pair of eyes at the back of the hall snapped delightedly.

"Ah ha!" said a pursed-up mouth to its own hearing, "so there's more to come already. I couldn't think you would sit there quietly and do nothing. *You* an honest supporter of the Republic! *You*" — she clenched her little hands and added in her cruellest frame of mind — "I know what *you* are; you may take in those fool men, but *I'll* find you out — you *liar*!"

Let no one be deceived as to the patriotism of Mrs. Kainson. It did not exist. But the opportune creed to hold in Cincinnati was at that moment the Federal one, and Bessie Kainson, who had her doubtful antecedents to live down, was determined to swim in the stream. She cared, at heart, not two cents for anything but her own advancement in life and the gratification of her dislikes. She was

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playing the spy, not to help the Republic but to injure Everard, to pay the score for his insolent shaming of her about the eavesdropping.

She did it boldly. Thickly veiled, she slipped out the back way, made a hasty detour, and came breathless to the foot of the alley, not so very long after Everard—who had lounged down with an air of carelessness, lest some trooper should chance that way and, seeing him hurry, grow suspicious—came into it from the opposite end. Having breathed herself but a moment, she began to steal along the black cleft, feeling her way by a wall, and stepping lightly as a bird, her whole nature revolting and sickening—for she was not a coarse woman—as her foot now and then touched a dead horse. Very soon she became accustomed to the dark, and soon she made out the forms of the two men pacing back and forth toward the top of the alley. She stole closer, and as they turned and began to walk away from her, she crept after them. But presently as they swung around and began to pace back, she gave a great start, for they were nearer than she had realised. She was then beside the body of a horse and she had plucked up

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her skirts preparatory to stepping over it. But as the men turned, a panic seized her. What if she should be discovered? For an instant fear and loathing held combat, and then she sank in a heap, between the body and the wall, and cowered there, invisible.

She was just in time. First and last, Bessie Kainson took many chances — there was, in her hard-hearted career, a certain tawdry pitifulness, a sort of faint echo from the tragic satire of the great Becky — but she had seldom escaped more narrowly than at present. For those two men upon whom she was spying, paced close up to her loathsome shield, the dead horse, and Everard pushed it with his foot, saying, "Damn shame they killed him!" as they turned to pace back.

However, though it was a hateful half-hour, in that pocket of utter blackness beneath the carcass of the horse, the broken sentences which Mrs. Kainson heard as her enemies turned that end of their pacing, the name which Everard spoke, and her own recognition of Golding's voice, were, to her spiteful anger, a great reward. Still, the horror — let us say plainly the nastiness — of that cowering beneath the dead animal was not

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reduced. When the men at last went out of the alley and vanished and Mrs. Kainson had reared a cautious head above her barrier, then sprung upon her feet, the tempest of her loathing burst forth. The tears gushed from her eyes, and forgetting the previous shrinking of her foot, she kicked the un-offending body with all her might.

"You, Everard Kainson," she hissed, "if you had never done anything mean before, I'd ruin you for what you have made me do now. A-a-a-ch!"

She shuddered out her breath as if to blow her lungs clean to the very bottom, and shook her skirts violently to be free of the pollution of the carcass. Then she went wrathfully back the way she had come, made the same detour, and let herself in by the back door of the Terraces.

And then was repeated that same trick of the information supplied by a veiled woman. For Bessie Kainson never lost her head even in her anger, and she had no mind to destroy her own fine pose as the broken-hearted wife. No one should ever suspect — and until long afterward no one ever *did* suspect — that she was herself the betrayer of her husband and her stepson. Respectability was too dear a

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thing to be risked in any way, and the rôle of household spy, however much the authorities might encourage it, was distinctly not respectable. And as Mrs. Kainson cared, really, nothing at all for the cause, no considerations but private ones were a part of the case.

So it happened that early in the morning, on the first day of autumn, the sentry at the City Hall took a note from a veiled woman, but told her that the Provost Marshal had already left the city in hot pursuit of the Secessionists. The soldier would give the note to the Mayor, if that would do. The Mayor would be in his office by eight o'clock. The woman was satisfied and had turned away.

And here is what the Mayor read on the morning of Monday, first September, 1862:

SIR, — Colonel Golding of the Rebel Army is now in this city and in hiding. Mr. Everard Kainson is a Rebel spy. *Both* men will be in the house of Mr. Enfield Dayton at nine o'clock. Kainson will be there openly to meet his brother, who commands the Cambridge Rifles, whom he has fooled into believing he is loyal. Golding will be there secretly. If you go for them, you can hit two birds with one stone. If you think this is not true, go and see.

A FRIEND.

## CHAPTER X

*I could not love thee, Dear, so much  
Loved I not Honour more.*

LOVELACE.

**I**T was a tangled situation in which the five Kainsons and the two Goldings were all ensnared, that beautiful autumn morning ; and where, I wonder, had I best begin to describe it ?

Shall I open the ball with Amy — since ladies are always first — and tell how she had waked in the small hours, with her father sitting by her bed ? — for he had got a ladder from Everard, and waiting till the moon went down, had carried it on his shoulder clear across the city, and thus entered through her window. Shall I repeat the conversation in which he explained, while her eyes grew big with terror, that having been left behind by his friends, he would have to remain still longer before there would be chance to escape ; that he had come here because this was absolutely the



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last place where any one would suspect he was, and that she must hide him until nightfall?

Or shall I begin with Everard, cool, saucy, now quite himself once more, who had passed a comfortable night, being overjoyed to such an extent that the relief of it fell on him like a revelation — because of his uncle's announcement that he also intended to play the spy, and so, to Everard's stumbling logic, had discharged him from that duty?

Or should I begin with Vincent, that unfortunate Quixote, whose soul had burned all night for a glimpse of Amy, who was inwardly in a state of mixed heroics, — extreme grief over his father's "defection," extreme and mistaken joy over Everard's "stanchness," extreme and wholly unnecessary alarm over the state of Amy's feelings?

Last of all, — or should I say first of all, — is the one to begin with, that old tyrant, the General?

There, I believe, is my real point of attack, and I hasten to seize it. For though there is little to tell about him, that little is essential at this moment, and out of it vast things will flow.

Now, the actions of General Kainson, sub-

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sequent to the taking of the oath by Everard, were determined by the reception about one in the morning of a telegram from Anderson's Ferry. It read,—

“Big crowds on South Bank. They want me to ferry them over. Are armed. Rumour here of an engagement at Cincinnati. Will keep my boat on the Ohio side till I hear from town.”

This message was from the proprietor of the ferry. He had been signalled to the Kentucky shore, but the eagerness of the Secessionists had betrayed them into a rush in mass upon the pier; he had backed away, and their chance to recross, unite with the men in the hollow beyond the wood, and effect a lodgment on the north bank, was temporarily lost. General Kainson had answered,—

“Rebels are rising. Have driven them out of town. Will march at once to the ferry.”

There were other messages back and forth, and then one was cut short in a sharp click, and the Cincinnati operator ripped out an oath. The wires had been severed.

It was done by the men from the wood. They had crept down to the ferry, and one of them, himself a telegrapher, a day operator at

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a station ten miles away, had got close enough to the ferryman's instrument to hear the message and its answer. He had hurried back to his companions; one of them had climbed a pole, severed the wire with the blow of an axe, and the others had seized the ferryman. But this, as the Provost Marshal learned the next day, was another of those bootless pieces of desperation, long ago forgotten, like the killing of George O'Neil. For the boat had steamed out into the stream after putting its captain ashore, and he, like the other captain, refused to give the order that would save his life at the expense of his Cause. He shouted to his pilot, "Steam hard for Cincinnati," and was immediately killed. The boat was riddled with balls, but it continued its course, and the two parts of the Confederate force stood helpless upon opposite banks of the stream. Two hours later, when the Provost Marshal with fifteen hundred men reached the north wharf of Anderson's Ferry, the Hamilton County Confederate regiment had vanished into the night, never to be heard of more, and only the dead ferryman and the ruined telegraph told that it had been.

But while everything was going against the

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Secessionists on the north bank, things had mended on the south. The Kentucky levies, with Golding's regiment, had joined the fugitives, and the whole command, now some two thousand strong, was entrenching itself six miles from the river, at the high, inaccessible village of Claysville. The Provost Marshal, having spread the flag of the Republic upon the body of the dead ferryman, crossed the river long before daybreak, and his scouts very soon brought in word of the concentration at Claysville. It was delightful news to the old warrior. He knew the ground; his plans were formed upon the instant, and the next moment couriers galloped toward Cincinnati. By seven o'clock Vincent and other officers had exact instructions relative to an immediate advance on the village.

Alas, poor Vincent! He obeyed his orders — obeyed their immediate demands, that is — and prepared to despatch his regiment to the ferry. Of his own impulse, he sent an orderly for Everard, telling him to hurry to Mr. Dayton's; and he himself, angry against fate for taking him so soon away from Amy, hurried to his grandfather's.

And here, if I may leap forward, so as to

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get the minor characters all off the stage and leave it free to the major ones,—who, of course, are the lovers,—let me say that one part of Mrs. Kainson's treachery temporarily failed. Exhausted by her long night of malignity, she slept as in a trance, and while she slept, Everard, for the moment, escaped her. The orderly came, and the boy, whose eagerness had brought him down to an unusually early breakfast, went away, and Mrs. Kainson was still asleep when he galloped light-heartedly *out*, as he imagined, of all his difficulties; really, into the very thick of them.

And now, at last, for the lovers,—chiefly Amy. Though Vincent had not yet seen her, he had sent her a note the day before. She knew he was coming early, and she was ready to receive him. But in what a frame of mind! Truly her heart had become, it would seem, a little stone sphinx. For she had fought over his whole case with his good friend her father, and to every argument of the genial Colonel she had made but one reply: "He's your enemy, papa; he's trying to kill you." To her father, as already to herself, she had reiterated that she did not love her cousin. The Colonel had failed to mollify her, for

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she came back time and again to the same awkward questions: "Are n't you in danger now? Has n't he done his share in driving Uncle Tom out of town? Would n't he give you up to be court-martialled if he caught you?" And the Colonel being compelled to admit all this, she had vowed with noiseless sobs that her only feeling for Vincent was bitter hate. So passionate were her protestations that at last Golding gave up, for the moment, his nephew's cause, and bade her sleep and forget it.

But there was no forgetting just then for my dear Miss Amy. And never—which surely, in a way, was natural—had she worked herself into such a passion of renunciation, such complete submergence of all thought of herself in the one thought of her father, as on this morning of destiny, when fate had constructed before Vincent Kainson so formidable a pitfall.

And so they met,— he fearful, grandiose, the coming battle with his father ringing already in his ears; she on edge about her own father, hardly able to control her voice, seeing in Vincent *now*, not the face of pathos which her imagination had held when his lot seemed sure to be ruin, but instead that brutal thing,

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Success, the very embodiment of all the menace to her father. In a trembling of the lips she shut her mouth firmly, and with a hard, white face went down to meet him. But her heart was thumping like a hammer, and just how constituted was that mixture of feelings, conscious and unconscious, against him and for him, let subtler speakers than I try to put into words. All I can say is that for the moment she *believed* that she hated Vincent Kainson.

And her first act seemed indeed to give colour to that belief. When she came into the room where Vincent was, he was standing — in uniform, of course — by a window. She looked at the hated blue — to her the very livery of Oppression — and her hands quivered. Vincent had turned as she entered and had started forward, the colour coming in his face, with hand outstretched. And now came the crushing blow. Never before had these two met without a kiss. But this time she merely put out a hand, while she bent her head and turned it from him; and as he limply took her hand, she pushed past him toward a chair, saying stiffly, —

“How do you do, Vincent?”

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He gasped, dropped her hand, and made no answer.

She sat down primly, folded her hands in her lap, and then, with a little jerk of resolution, her eyes flashed up and looked defiantly into his.

For a long minute these two diverting young people looked steadily into each other's confused faces. Vincent grew very white. But Amy felt a flush creep into her face and deepen hotly. If she had hated Vincent — yes, positively *hated* him — before, she was hating him more and more each minute. Could there be any doubt of the matter when she was saying it to herself with such vehemence, when tears of rage — of course they *were* rage, what *could* they be except rage? — were gathering in her eyes. Could she not feel her mouth tremble, and was it not pure scorn of this man; this tyrant, who hunted honourable gentlemen like criminals; this grand-nephew — worthy heir! — of that cruel old General; this heartless conqueror, because of whom her dear father was hidden that moment among her dresses at the back of her great closet! Of course, when her father was trembling for his life — so she imagined, little thinking he was trying



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that moment to remember the description of Achilles among the maidens, and was chuckling as he repeated it — she hated Vincent Kainson.

As to the other in this comedy, he turned from her with his emotions again upon their stilts. He was biting his lips and vowing to himself that if *that* was how she was taking things — well, she might go her ways. If she expected to get any cringing from him, no matter whether his heart broke or not, she was badly mistaken. Thus he stiffened into heroics, quite in his natural way. He needed — as, in fact, most lovers do — an enormous expansion of the sense of humour. And now he said, with stiffness equal to her own, —

“I hope you are very well, Amy.”

“Yes, Vincent,” said firm lips, beneath eyes that grew suddenly, hotly red, “very well.”

There was a moment of awkward pause, and both combatants felt extremely wretched. Then Vincent, having cast about a moment in his mind, said at a venture, simply to be saying something, —

“I — I — had rather expected you would take the trouble to write to me during the past year.”

She made an angry movement in her chair and gulped down a sob.

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"I don't see why you say that, Vincent," she cried petulantly; "there was every reason why I should *not* write to you."

He wheeled about and glared into her eyes, his severe face strangely handsome, his glance tragic. He demanded, —

"What reasons?"

She tossed her head and turned from him as she exclaimed, —

"You are ridiculous!"

"Thank you," he replied grimly; "to be interested in one's own people, to be interested in *you* — that is ridiculous, is it?"

"You and Everard are just alike," she retorted peevishly; "you never will be fair to what I say."

Vincent turned his back and looked again through the window. He marked mechanically the crisp, bright air of the morning, the slice of shining sky above the tree-tops, the wide, empty street. He wondered drearily how soon Everard would come, and he told himself in a gush of temper that he would never trouble Miss Amy more. And then he heard her voice — and had he not been so angry he would have heard also the catch in it — and she was saying, —

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"I wonder what you expected when you took sides against *us*. If you are in earnest, you ought not to *want* me for a friend. You ought to be *glad* that we are as far apart as can be. It is perfectly impossible to be friends when we are *fighting* each other and each wants the other to be beaten. I suppose you are very proud of what you did last night. *I'm* not — I can tell you that. *I'm* ashamed of it — that is, I would be if I cared *what* you did. You're a tyrant, and you're fighting for the meanest cause ever fought for. You're just like a common policeman, hunting high-toned gentlemen out of town and driving them away from their homes. You may think that's a noble thing to do, Vincent Kainson, but *I* think it's contemptible."

Poor Miss Amy! In what a heat of misery she was lacerating her own trembling heart! The penitent that plies the scourge on his own back, and this pretty little lass, to whom reason is yet a stranger, who is scourging so pitilessly her affection, are rivals in martyrdom. But Vincent, not understanding this, — and why should he? — saw only a girl's exacting petulance, than which there is no more exacting thing on earth, and he, calling up its countercheck, the stub-

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bornness that is in man, — also a superlative quality, — met it grimly.

“If you look at things that way,” said he, “of course you could not write. I am glad you did n’t. But *I* can be just to my enemies. I don’t think your father is a scoundrel, even if I do think he is utterly, absolutely, inexcusably in the wrong —”

But Amy had leaped upon her feet, her eyes flaming.

“Vincent Kainson, how dare you! He is right. He *never* was wrong. The idea of your standing there and telling me that he is! I hate you.”

“I was beginning to suspect that before,” replied he, with the intonation of severest tragedy; “I am glad to have no doubts. But there’s Everard. I must see him.”

Without looking at her, he left the room, and her eyes went after him hungrily to the door. He vanished; her pent-up misery burst forth, the tears streamed, and for a moment Miss Amy hid her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. The next moment she had tried to dash the tears from her eyes, could no more do so than she could have checked an April rain, and murmuring, “I am ashamed

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of myself—I—I *hate* him!” she ran out of the room.

While she is trying to restore her mask of indifference, we may pause a moment at the gate. It is only a moment, for Vincent is now eager to be away, waits but to pay his respects to his grandfather, and his impatience overflows in peremptory commands to Everard. Let the latter ride at once, overtake the regiment, and act as guide; no one knows better the roads south of the ferry. But may not Everard run in and say a word to Amy? Certainly, if he wishes. Vincent wants to smoke before breakfast and will remain at the gate. But Everard had looked at him quizzically, had seen the high tragedy in his eyes, and asked the question,—

“You’re not fussing, are you?”

“Everard,” said Vincent, sharply, “if you want to see Amy, go and speak to her, but be quick, and then jump on your horse and get away.”

Everard shrugged his shoulders, ran into the house, and found Miss Amy on the stair. And then, of course, *they* had a tiff, and Amy vowed she had not been crying, that she had not quarrelled—what was there to quarrel about?—

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she had just told Vincent what she thought of his Cause, that was all, and if he did n't like it he should keep out of such company, and as to Everard, the quicker he got away and stopped his impudence the better she'd like it. In a word, Miss Amy was in full swing with one of her "tantrums." Everard tried to kiss her good-bye and she would not have it; they were children no more. But she would take his message to her father, tell him that Everard had been ordered to the front and had learned nothing, that everything depended upon Colonel Golding. And having delivered his message, Everard — the scamp! — made the mess as bad as possible by shouting out the lines of "Bobby Shaftoe" as he went swinging down the stair and away to the gate, sprang upon his horse and was gone.

And then came, not Satan, but breakfast. But if it were not so much like swearing, I would say that it was the devil of a breakfast. Vincent, who would have galloped away with Everard, except that his stubborn pride — perhaps his strongest characteristic — would not let him seem to run from Amy, sat it out in grim stoicism, flattering himself that he was not showing his hurt when in reality he *was*

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showing it in every word and gesture. Amy, now recovered outwardly, maintained an amazing primness, was most precise in all her words and actions, icily serene. The kindly genial old grandfather, with his eye twinkling, his ruddy face showing the comfort of a wholesome mind in a hale body, watched them both in half-pathetic amusement, thought again of his own youth and that sweet girl, Lucy St. Vincent, their grandmother, and said inwardly, "They're just as silly as we were—it's the old, old story—the course of true love never did run smooth—lover's quarrels—well, what God wills, comes to pass in the end!"

What comfort there was in that old-time, Calvinistic faith that in everything, from the quarrels of a boy and girl to the shock of trampling squadrons, God's own hand held the scales of fate, and that somehow, somewhere, the Right would inevitably emerge and triumph!

But I travestied Milton too soon, for if Satan be the genius of mischief, then, indeed, last of all, at the close of that awkward breakfast, came Satan in very flesh. The dining-room was at the back of the house, and the first

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intimation to the three at breakfast that the Prince of the Powers had arrived, was in the startled face of a servant who was saying, —

“Soldiers, sir—the house is being surrounded.”

Mr. Dayton’s eye flashed, and he sprang to his feet. Amy’s face went white as death, her eyes grew hard as two sapphires, and she also sprang up, breathless.

“Wait, sir,” said Vincent to his grandfather; “let me see to this.”

He hurried to the front door, the others following, and encountered there an officer of militia together with the chief of police. A squad of police were drawn up at the foot of the steps. A cordon of militia had completely surrounded the house, and in the distance, beyond the great iron gates, a curious crowd was already beginning to gather. Faces peered between the bars, and gamins wriggled up them to tuft their points with dirty shocks of hair. There was a shrill babbling to the burden of, “What’s they up ter?”

Vincent’s choler rose at the spectacle; his grandfather flushed; Amy gave a low cry and clung to Mr. Dayton’s arm, which he slipped instinctively around her. In that position



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there was an instant of silence. The two officers of the law faced inward through the wide doorway; Vincent haughtily confronted them; a servant held the door open; the old man and the girl stood four paces back into the hall.

"Well, gentlemen," said Vincent, all his official stiffness becoming visible like a garment, "I am Major Kainson. Why are you here?"

"It is fortunate we find you, Major," said the chief of police, "you can be of great assistance to us. I am very sorry to trouble you, but personal considerations cannot be taken into account now. Oblige me by reading these orders from the Mayor."

Vincent took them, and as he read, Mr. Dayton recovered from his surprise to say coldly, but politely, —

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, please come in."

The officers bowed and stepped across the threshold, and in another moment Vincent turned upon them a face of wrath.

"These are lies!" he exclaimed.

"Major Kainson!" — both officers spoke at once.

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Vincent turned to his grandfather and continued, —

“The Mayor has ordered the arrest of Everard on the charge of being a spy. He says also that Colonel Golding” — Vincent was driving his nails into his palm to keep from looking at Amy — “is in hiding in this house; that both are to be arrested and delivered to the military authorities for court-martial.”

Turning to the officers, he added, —

“This is an absurd lie. My brother took the oath of allegiance last night. General Kainson and myself are sureties for his good faith. And if, gentlemen” — the spirit of old Walter showed a minute in the menacing flash of Vincent’s eye — “if you can tell me who gave this lying information to the Mayor, that person will have to answer to *me*. As to Colonel Golding — that story is simply silly.”

“Quite so,” said Mr. Dayton; “Colonel Golding has not been in this house in a year’s time.”

The militia officer looked helplessly at the chief of police, but the latter stood his ground.

“I am very sorry, Major, but your brother, I understand, is not regularly enrolled in a

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United States regiment. He might not be outside my jurisdiction in the present circumstances even if he were, but as he is not an enrolled soldier there can be no doubt that I have absolute authority. My orders are explicit. I must demand his surrender. And I must—as a mere matter of form, of course, no more—search this house.”

“My brother is now outside the city,” retorted Vincent, “and so outside your authority. As to searching the house, if my grandfather does not object, you may search till Doomsday.”

All this time Amy Golding had been struggling with her whole strength to obtain a composed manner and an assured voice. The earth seemed to have vanished from beneath her feet and left her in whirling space—her anger was so intense that she had asked herself, Is this Vincent’s doing? but fear for her father downed even her injustice—and now, at last, she struggled into utterance. She clutched her grandfather’s arm and cried hoarsely, —

“Grandpapa — grandpapa — it’s a perfect shame — it’s all Vincent’s doing — I know it — you won’t permit it — you won’t — say you won’t.”

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Her eyes blazed at her cousin, and as he looked for a moment into their flashing deeps, a genuine dreariness, a real despair, took hold upon him. He bit his lips, and his stoical calmness passed from unconscious posing into fearful truth. He felt that the end had come, and he faced it—all the pose, all the sentimentality gone clean out of him. He scarcely heard his grandfather, who was saying easily, —

“Tut, tut, my dear! Vincent has nothing to do with this. There is no harm in submitting to the law. Mr. Chief, you have my permission—which this little girl seems to think is necessary—to do your duty.”

She started from him and stood forth, her lithe little figure dilating, almost pulsing as it were, her hands clenched, her eyes wide with terror, and her gaze stabbing at Vincent. The chief of police and the officer of militia were watching her curiously. They saw the utter fear in her eyes, saw she was well-nigh beside herself, and they were guessing things.

“Major Kainson,” cried the girl, “I have always supposed you were a gentleman. Will *you* permit it—this insult to your grandfather? Will you let his house be searched as if he were a criminal?”

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In her terror—for her childish fancy saw her father marched to the City Hall and instantly shot—she scarcely knew what she said. She flung out her words madly, and paused only because her emotion choked her.

“Tut, tut, child!” said her grandfather again, while he smiled over her head, “we must pocket our pride for the general good. There is no disgrace in having one’s house searched, even when we know it unnecessary.”

He laid his hand gently upon her head, and the touch seemed to break the tension. All three of the others saw the tears leap into her eyes; she swayed where she stood; her vehemence collapsed; she clasped her hands and said appealingly,—

“Vincent, you won’t let them do it—you won’t?”

“I must settle that matter, my dear young lady,” said the chief. “Major Kainson has nothing to do with it. I am very sorry, but the house must be searched.”

She looked a moment into his eyes,—he was a grave, kindly man with a businesslike manner and a firm glance which could not be gainsaid,—then her eyes travelled to Vincent. For a long minute the two looked sternly

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at each other; then she wheeled from him, flung herself upon the great settle, and hid her face in her hands.

The chief of police motioned his men to begin the search.

"I hope he is n't here," he whispered to the officer of militia, "but I'm afraid the old gentleman does n't know much about what goes on in his own house."

"Not this time," whispered the other.

And then befell the longest minutes that Vincent Kainson ever passed. His grandfather had gone to the settle and sat down by Amy. She had thrown her arms about him and her head was on his shoulder,—*how* consistent was her attitude toward members of the opposite party!—and the two executioners of her happiness, the chief of police and the captain of militia, had stepped out into the portico.

"Damned sorry for her," said the chief.

"The same," said the militiaman, who was given to sentiment and was nearly snuffling.

Vincent, with his back to Amy, uncomplaining stoicism at last in full possession of him, stood at the narrow window to one side of the door, looking grimly into the street. He noted mechanically the figures of the soldiers,

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with rifles in hand, standing at attention, their eyes upon the house; he saw the crowd beyond the gates, now filling the whole street; he marked — and he felt annoyed that he could mark — such trifles as the carrot-red head of the boy on the top of the left-hand gate-post, and he was conscious of having wondered, as in a dream, if that carroty mop had ever been combed. The world seemed to be standing still, or else revolving so rapidly that it was like a sleeping top, and he, Vincent Kainson, was no longer a vital personality; he was only a disembodied brain, void of feelings, an impersonal detached observer whose self had left him.

And then, in a flash, the reality that he was still the same person, with the same intense feelings, the same capacity to suffer, rushed back to him. He took his breath in one fearful gasp. For behind him there had gone up a shriek from Amy, a startled exclamation from his grandfather, and also the sound of a voice which made Vincent stagger. It was jovial, even amused, but to Vincent it was the crack of doom. Bitter as things had seemed to him a moment before, he saw now what his situation was, that it was a thousand times worse

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than he had dreamed. He turned about, for that new voice was now addressing him, but he hardly saw the hand stretched forth to him, only vaguely comprehended that the voice which came to him over Amy's head — for the girl had thrown herself upon her father's breast — was a voice of rollicking amusement, and that Colonel Golding was positively grinning as he said, —

“I 'm sorry for you, my boy, damned sorry.”



## CHAPTER XI

*Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,  
Winning from Reason's hands the reins.*

SCOTT.

**I**F you lay down on this page the figure of a "Y" with a stem three-fifths of the total height, you will have a convenient skeleton for the geography of the country about Claysville, Boone County, Kentucky. The arms of the Y are two little creeks, the stem their united volume, and the bottom of the Y the Ohio River. A road runs up along the stem of the Y, and continues midway between its arms. The triangle of those arms is rugged upland, precipitous toward the two creeks, with a great hill at its back, and in the left half of the triangle—*your* left, my reader—a formidable wood. Just about the centre of the triangle, on the edge of the wood, the road from the Ohio crosses another road, and at that juncture are half a dozen frame houses, a school-house, and a little brick church, and that is Claysville.

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At the bottom of the Y, to the reader's right hand, is a high hill—Smith's Hill is its unromantic name—that shelters the approach from the south to Anderson's Ferry, and from which the whole valley of the Y opens out in a great fan stretching clear to the top of the page, and with most of it plainly visible from the hill. There is, indeed, that wood on the edge of the hamlet, and the same wood curves about and runs up the steep hill behind it, and thence back to the headwaters of the other creeks, but almost all the rest of the valley is field, meadow, or orchard. The fan is flanked by other patches of woodland both to the right and left.

Now, you are to understand that Vincent Kainson brought his seven hundred men to the top of Smith's Hill, reinforcing some four hundred already there, and took command of these eleven hundred soldiers, about the hour of noon. He could sweep with his glass the entire valley of the Y, and he could see the Confederate flag, a mere fluttering patch against the sky, far away, above Claysville. His business was twofold. First, he must hold that strong fortress in case the Confederates should be so rash as to attack it; second, if the enemy

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made any movement either to right or left, he was to hang upon their flank and obstruct their march. This last function was necessitated by the fact that two other forces were even then closing in upon Claysville,— the General himself, by means of a great detour to the right; a Colonel Glasgow, of Sandusky, with two thousand men, including the new regiment of volunteers, from the left.

If the plans of old Walter had not miscarried, there would have been fought at that little hamlet of Claysville, on the night of September first, or early in the morning of September second, a stubborn and bloody battle. The way General Kainson had planned the action, it seemed certain that two of the three Federal divisions would unite and with a force of thirty-one hundred men engage the two thousand there at Claysville. It was practically certain that the remaining division, fifteen hundred strong, would come up at the same time, though from a different direction, the Confederates would be caught in a cul-de-sac, and either captured or annihilated. Five thousand Federals were manœuvring to surround two thousand Confederates.

But, as I have stated already, I must not

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trench upon general history. This projected battle of Claysville, as an unsuccessful and disastrous episode of the war, has no place in these pages. Only in so far as it brings out the characters of my people or entangles their fortunes, is it any of my affair. Therefore I say nothing of its details. I do not discuss whether the real blame is upon the old General; whether the chief trouble was with his plan of battle, or whether the quixotic young man who bungled it must bear the whole responsibility for that disaster. It is not my business, and I return to my personal narrative.

At noon of that first of September Major Vincent was sitting upon his horse on the top of Smith's Hill sweeping the horizon with his glass. There is no need to dwell upon his feelings. He was, of course, in a high-and-mighty frame of mind. That savage affair at Mr. Dayton's—from which, without another word to Amy, he had come away feeling that he was in the midst of a thick black cloud—had prepared him to take offence at anything, had filled him with dogged irritability. He was in that mood when men who are not gentlemen answer a question with an oath and a suggestion with a blow.

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He was a veritable cloud upon the face of a cloudless world. For beneath him lay the wide fan of the valley, just beginning to be browned by autumn: above it, bright blue September sky, crystalline air that twinkled in radiance; tree-tops all round the horizon were billowing briskly in the wind. Never was day more bright, more beautiful; seldom was there more unhappy man than the young officer who swept with his glass that glimmering, blithe horizon.

Here and there — far seen upon an open meadow, or rising on some bold upland sharp against the sky — moved diminutive figures of horsemen, scouts of both parties, and there were other horsemen upon the hill. Of these last, one was Everard. He had done his first turn as a scout, ridden far to one side of the valley, and come galloping back to report no stir whatever in that direction. His brother lowered his glass and said, —

“You know this country better than I do, Ev, but I believe the point of danger is that wood. They might fall back through that and escape us.”

Everard shrugged his shoulders.

“Yes — they might.”

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"Could they use that wood to mask a movement right or left?"

"Perhaps."

"I wish you would ride out again and reconnoitre it. I'll send some other men too."

Everard was about to go, when a horseman came up from the ferry and handed to Vincent two letters. One was addressed to Everard, but superscribed, "To be read by Major Kainson before delivering," and this inscription was signed by the Mayor. The other letter was a despatch for Vincent.

He tore open Everard's letter first. He glanced hastily through it — the letter was from Amy, and not at all tender to the present reader — and then with a frown he opened the despatch. Its contents can be guessed. The Mayor was astounded at Major Kainson's attitude toward the arrest of his brother; Mr. E. Kainson, as a citizen, should be returned at once under guard; and the Mayor trusted that Major Kainson would at least repose no confidence in his brother, if not, indeed, return him at once to the city.

Let the shoemaker stick to his last, and let people who have neither magnetic charm nor commanding will meddle not with these

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ardent spirits who make or mar whatever they undertake. Vincent Kainson crushed the paper in his hand; his imperious emotion surged into his eyes, he lifted his head haughtily, muttering, —

“More damned underbred suspiciousness. Not repose confidence in Everard! Humph! My own brother a common liar, — worse than that, a perjurer! What is the man thinking of, that he dares to say such a thing? Mr. Mayor, you may mind your own business.”

He turned to Everard, handed him the letter from Amy, and Everard's eye fell upon the ragged edge where Vincent had torn it open. The boy flushed, and his eye leaped angrily at his brother. Vincent grew red with shame.

“Look at the superscription, Ev,” said he, eagerly. “I had to open it as a matter of orders. I just glanced at it, no more.”

Everard turned his head without answering and took up his reins. It was a small matter, this reading of his letter, but it stung. However, it had stung his brother still more keenly.

“Everard,” said Vincent, impulsively, “that was wholly the Mayor's doing. Don't —

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please don't imagine for one minute that I do not trust you absolutely. Why, look here, old fellow."

And then in quick eager sentences he told him every detail of the plan of the battle of Claysville. The three divisions of the Federals were to form a gigantic pair of pincers and close simultaneously on the village.

"Now you see," he concluded, "whether I trust you or not. Ride out there for the wood, as I told you. Take especial care, for we must make *no* mistakes. You can see that that fellow at the City Hall is against us, and he would make the most of any error in judgment."

He glanced away, across the wide hollow of air, to the far-off flag fluttering above the hamlet, and his lips twitched.

"If father were only with us!" he exclaimed.

A tear showed in his eye. He shook his head angrily, wheeled his horse, and motioning Everard toward the wood, galloped to another part of the hill. He did not look back; he did not see the dazed mechanical way in which Everard gathered up his bridle and let his horse take him listlessly toward



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his doom. Vincent Kainson had troubles enough of his own; he was not thinking of Everard. His spirit had been hurt unto death, as it seemed to him, by the ungenerous treatment he had received from Amy. With each moment that brought him nearer to the coming battle, his stony courage, bracing itself against the thought that he must attack his beloved father, grew more bechilling. And with both these feelings joined the hot contempt for what he termed to himself "the insolence of that cad, the Mayor."

And as Vincent Kainson, in this turmoil of misery, drew to one side of the hill, his unhappy brother, whom he had forced so unwittingly into the cruellest of dilemmas, was galloping, but with eyes that saw not, through the lovely, shimmering autumn air, with the sapphire sky glittering above him, the glorious old woods just dusted with autumn gold, the whole landscape seeming to tremble in its subtle exhalation, as if the ripened life of creation were blowing its sweet breath in one's face. And all that the boy felt was that he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, to eat whereof is to die. He held the letter from Amy crumpled in his hand, and if his

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brother's too reckless confidence, with its revelation of the Federal plan of attack, had not sufficiently dazed him, this letter was the crowning blow. It read:—

DEAR EVERARD,— I am writing in the Mayor's office, and a horrid soldier is looking over my shoulder, by his Honor's orders, and reading every word. They have been just as mean as it is possible to be, and *some one*, I don't say who, could have prevented it if he had wanted to. I do not choose to write to him, but I know *you* are not that sort, and you will please speak to *General* Kainson and tell him how shamefully we have been treated and ask him whether he intends to allow it. You know they arrested papa and are going to put him in prison, and please, *please*, ask General Kainson to let him go. *Do not* ask it of anybody but the *General*.

AMY.

Beneath this was added, in Golding's hand:

By the Mayor's kind permission I add a word. You must be surprised to hear of me at this place, but here I am. Poor little Amy is nearly out of her head, and you can guess from the above that she and Vincent had a first-class heart-breaking contest over my arrest. Don't let Vincent take it too hard, for I don't believe it will be as serious as it seems. Whoever informed upon me accused you also, and when

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Vincent cleared you of the charge, he could not, naturally, say the same for me, and he and Amy had it hot and heavy. I am very sorry for Vincent. The Mayor is very polite, assuring me that as I was arrested in Confederate uniform, I shall be regularly exchanged.

R. G.

And so it had come about that Everard Kainson had the whole situation in his hands, but in such a way that he could neither move nor stand still without destroying, in the one case, his brother, in the other, his father.

## CHAPTER XII

*Of those crises, God's stern winnowers  
From whose feet earth's chaff must fly.*

LOWELL.

WE must fly forward, in advance of Everard, — who was now furiously urging his horse, his daze having given place to agitation and one wild idea pushing all others from his brain, — and again make acquaintance with Thomas Kainson.

As he stood there in Claysville hamlet, he was a changed man from the one who had fled from Cincinnati. He had not yet slept, he had toiled at organising the two thousand of his mixed multitude into a brigade, he had chosen a strong defensive position, intending to hold it stubbornly till the Confederate Army should arrive, and his men were hard at work entrenching. But more than weariness was visible in his face. There was a gleam in his eye, a quick twitch to his lip, that spoke both of resentment and mortification. The mere human in him was sub-

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merging the agnostic; the memory of his uncle's cruelty was a rankling thorn pressing deep into his flesh. He was cut to the quick, the iron was entering his soul. The passion of denial was passing over into the passion of resentment; the agnostic was taking the first decisive steps toward the cynic; he was saying to himself that the hard old man, his uncle, the man who despised him, should see, at last, whether Thomas Kainson deserved to be treated lightly.

He was standing before the little church of the hamlet, and within doors Chesterton was writing hurried despatches; four troopers with their feet out of the stirrups were bantering each other by the village watering-trough and waiting to gallop southward the moment the doctor had finished; a crescent of entrenchments was springing up along the north edge of the village. And here also, no less than at the other end of the valley, shone the glimmering autumn sun; behind the scattered houses rolled the brilliant autumn wood; the breeze fluttered across the world, subtle as a spirit; upon every hand lay the beauty of mysterious Nature, the sphinx of all the sphinxes, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. And

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Thomas Kainson — dreamer and philosopher, even in the depths of his resentment — looked forth upon that giant contradiction presented to struggling man by the vast indifference which surrounds him, and his lip trembled with scorn.

“But you drove me into being your enemy, my good uncle,” he thought, not quite accurately, “and you are as merciless as these brute winds and just as little of a reasoning being; now don’t blame me if I retaliate. You’ll conquer — oh, yes, I know that — but you shall have a hard time of it.”

And then he heard voices and horse-hoofs on the edge of the wood, and there emerged into the hamlet two soldiers leading a horse, whose rider they had blindfolded, and in the rider’s hand was a handkerchief as a flag of truce. It was Everard.

The Major sprang forward, helped the boy to dismount, led him into the church, and tore the bandage from his eyes.

“Father!” cried Everard.

“My boy.”

Everard hesitated a moment — a boy’s contempt for emotion struggling with his great misery — and then he threw his arms about his father’s neck and cried out, —

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"Daddy, I'm all torn up — I don't know what to do."

There was a moment of severe pause, while Kainson put an arm about his son, drew down his right hand and gripped it. Chesterton had risen to his feet and was watching them with keen, surprised eyes. Everard had hid his face one instant on his father's shoulder.

"What is it, laddie?" asked the Major, in a voice as gentle as a woman's.

Everard recovered himself at that gentle tone. He sprang away from his father, except that they still kept hold of hands; he shook himself and stood erect. His eyes fell upon Chesterton and he blushed and turned his face. The doctor, however, laughed softly, came gaily forward, and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Don't be ashamed of feeling, Everard," said he; "tell us the trouble."

Everard stiffened.

"You give me your promise, doctor," he demanded, "not to repeat a word of what I say unless I give you permission?"

The doctor nodded, though his jaw squared.

"Certainly," said he, in his usual pleasant tone.

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Everard looked proudly at his father. It had never occurred to the boy to ask a promise of *him*, — that went without saying.

He drew a great breath, gave a toss to his head, and then in quick panting speech he told his dilemma. Golding was in custody ; Everard had been trusted implicitly by both Walter and Vincent ; he had promised to be a spy, but he had not realised what it meant. If he kept his promise, he must break faith with his own brother, lie to him, forfeit his esteem, perhaps destroy him ; but he had the whole Federal plan, and if he kept it to himself their enemies would close in and catch the Confederates and his father in a death-trap.

“ And now, dad, what shall I do ? Am I bound in honour to tell ? Do you think Vincent would ever forgive me ? I don’t care a damn for Uncle Walter — but Vincent ! He trusted me so completely ! And yet,” he stiffened, though his lip trembled and the spirit of his race, of the iron Kainsons, showed in his eye, “ if you say it’s my duty, I’ll do it. I’ll tell you the whole plan and get myself killed in the next fight, because ” — he dropped from the momentary incarnation of his family to his own, seventeen-year-old, unhappy self — “ be-



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cause I never could look Vincent in the face again. What shall I do, dad? Shall I tell or shall I go back to Vincent?"

He ceased speaking, and his eyes devoured his father's face. There was a long minute, another, another, and the Major did not answer. A new fear, something vague and unformulated, settled cloud-like upon Everard, and he repeated feebly, —

"What is it, daddie? What shall I do?"

That was the moment of absolute crisis in the life of Thomas Kainson, and almost the same thing in the life of his son Everard. That was the moment from which Thomas became definitely the cynic, the proud scoffer, the disbeliever in any human effort as a bar to fate, the man who revenged himself upon God, in the years that came after, by taking all us boys into scepticism. For in that moment his clear mental vision, stimulated by his new bitterness and his resentment, saw fully his own sad fate, saw that such a crisis had arisen as would destroy forever that glorious blindness of faith which had brought his son straight to him in such childlike trust. And what could he say? To the mind of pure logic the question put by Everard was unanswerable.

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If he tried to answer from expediency, — against which the philosopher's whole being cried out in dismay, — it was simply a choice as to which son he should sacrifice, for how *both* could be saved he could not see.

He dropped Everard's hand, strode to a window, and stood there, pulling his mustache and gazing into space. Which son should he sacrifice? Should he send Everard back and make him traitor to his cause, make his name a hissing and a curse, let him bear the responsibility of destroying his own party? Should he bid him speak, make him a liar and a perjurer, invest him with remorse, make him the author, like as not, of his brother's death? Of should he consider only his Cause, accept the doctrine that the end justifies the means, — he, the philosopher, the man of un pitying logic, the scorner of subterfuge, the destroyer of illusions, — should *he* do that?

He shook himself, and a groan escaped him.

The next moment he heard Chesterton's voice, saying pleasantly, —

“Your feelings do you honour, Everard, but for the life of me I can't see any great difficulty in your dilemma.”

Immediately both the Kainsons turned and

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faced him, — Thomas sternly ; Everard with that new, unformulated fear creeping slowly upon him. What was the matter with his father that he did not answer ?

“ You see, Everard,” continued Chesterton, “ a gentleman always keeps his word. When he has committed himself to two sides, he simply carries out his bond with each, gives the other notice, and lets them fight it out between them. Now, in this case, you are bound to both sides. You took a trust from me, another from your brother. Forgive me if I say I think you have been very clumsy and bungled things sadly.”

“ Oh Lord, I know that,” groaned the boy.

“ But your escape with honour,” went on the doctor, “ is perfectly simple. You must keep your word to us and tell us Vincent’s plans ; then ride back, post-haste, and tell him what you have done. I don’t pretend that he will like it, but he will see how sincere are your motives, and he cannot, since he is a gentleman, be harsh with you. I give you my promise we will not act on your information till you have had ample time to reach Vincent, — say, half an hour, — and after that it is a combat of wits between us and him, you have

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nothing to do with it, and for whatever follows you are not responsible. If his military talents are the greater, he will turn the tables on us ; and if ours are the greater, we will turn them on him. What do you say, Major? Am I not right?"

Everard looked appealingly at his father and echoed the question.

"Is that right? Shall I tell?" he asked eagerly. "I think it would be fair, daddie. Vincent can still take care of himself, it seems to me, if he knows that you have his plan; you could n't surprise him, then, and that's his one great danger."

His father answered slowly, his face gone haggard, —

"You must judge for yourself, Everard. If there is any solution of your dilemma, I suppose it is this one. But what I should do in your place I do not know."

Everard Kainson felt that new fear close upon his throat, and for a moment he could not speak. His father, his idol, had fallen from his pedestal. The worshipper had flung himself at the feet of his oracle, and the god was dumb.

"I'll tell you, doctor," said he, faintly, "and then I'll ride back and tell Vincent, and you may hang me by my heels and

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leave me there to starve if I ever be a spy again."

"I don't pretend you're in a pleasant position, Everard," replied Chesterton; "but wait a minute till I send off these despatches."

They were unfinished, but the Kainsons did not know that they were. Chesterton hastily sealed them and left the church; and as he shut the door behind him, there slid across his face a smile of such cold craftiness that had any one been by, it would have struck chillingly to his very bones, like the sunshine of winter dawns. Dr. Chesterton put the despatches into an inside pocket of his coat, still smiling as he did so, gave directions to the four troopers, whereupon two of them galloped away, not southward but eastward into the wood, and the other two relieved the soldiers who were holding Everard's horse. That done, Dr. Chesterton smoothed his features and returned into the church, saying to himself, as he thought of Thomas Kainson's lack of practicality,—

"To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

It is written that the devil can quote Scripture to his purpose!

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Ten minutes later Everard was brought out, blindfold, remounted, and led away by the two troopers into the wood.

Half an hour later a handful of Confederate horse pushed out from Claysville and began to skirmish along Vincent's right flank, seeking to decoy him *westward*. Vincent threw out his own handful of horse to meet them, and while the bootless skirmish went on, two thousand Confederates melted southward through the forest behind Claysville and turned *eastward* down the valley of a stream.

And early in the afternoon, while Vincent with his glass saw the Confederate flag still waving jauntily over Claysville and his own cavalry were opening fire upon the skirmishers of the enemy, a scout brought in the horse which Everard had ridden, the saddle blood-stained and the flank ripped up by a bullet. And that was all Vincent heard that day from his brother, and he blamed himself for having sent him rashly to his death.

But all that afternoon in a lonely farmhouse among the hills four troopers kept guard, and their prisoner was Everard.

He must have quick wits and few scruples who would go in one boat with Chesterton.

## CHAPTER XIII

*Fast they come, fast they come ;  
See how they gather !  
Wide waves the eagle plume  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set !  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu  
Knell for the onset !*

SCOTT.

THE battle of Claysville, as the reader now sees, was never fought. In its stead there were three sharp encounters, in which both sides paid dear and the Federals were all but destroyed. Major Kainson, as I have heard many military men say, conducted himself with ability. He simply pried apart that pair of big pincers which were planned to crush him and broke them piecemeal. He began with the easternmost of the three divisions of his enemies, and having got skilfully in its rear, overtook, surprised, and routed it, between the Ohio and a wood. It

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was in this fight that the Confederates suffered most, though extremely few of them were killed, for here it was that Chesterton was struck down; from that confused butchery on the margin of a lonely wood, at the edge of sunset, with the sky burning crimson above a burning river, and the shadows beginning to grow densely black, that false man went forth a naked soul, taking *his* ideas of right and wrong, of truth and lying, where only is the decision absolutely just and likewise beyond appeal. But his loss was not felt immediately, for when a plan was once fixed upon, Tom Kainson needed no assistance in carrying it out. His one dread was that he might encounter Vincent, hand to hand, and his rage against his uncle swelled still more furious, as he set his teeth and went forward. He fell back, straight south again, passed behind Claysville, struck and demoralised the other jaw of the pincers, the fifteen hundred men under old Walter himself. While Vincent, having at last got wind of the enemy's movements, and having wasted precious time in making sure that Claysville was abandoned, was hurrying eastward and rallying the wreck of the first division, Major Tom and his uncle had met; the



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furious old man had ridden straight at his nephew and would have fired on him, had not a Confederate trooper shot the General through the shoulder. The last conflict was when Vincent, having rallied what he could from both the beaten divisions, flung himself upon his father's line, now posted in the wood behind the hamlet, and after desperate fighting was repulsed, and fell sullenly back toward the ferry. While the white ghostliness of the moon glimmered upon the high, bare uplands or in the great and windy woods, and all the spectres of mythology, in the haunting night-wind, seemed to be wailing over the dead, Vincent came down, out of the shadow of Smith's Hill, to the edge of a frosty, silver river, and his broken command was conveyed to the safety of the north shore. High among the heaths over Claysville, where the moonlight glimmered upon miles and miles of wind-swept upland, the exhausted Confederates slept on their arms; General Kainson was a prisoner in their midst; and the four troopers brought Everard to his father, asking, since Chesterton was dead, for further orders. The bitter agnostic learnt how cynically he had been deceived by his associate, and Everard, when he

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heard the details of that night of battle, grew as one hurt unto death. It was the lowest ebb of the Kainson fortunes. Never had they sunk so far as on that beautiful, windy, moonlit night, when Vincent with his ruined command recrossed the Ohio, and Everard, in the mystic silence among the hilltops, prayed that he might die and be forgiven, for face his brother again he felt he could not.

And so the first night of the eating of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil passed for Everard Kainson in that wretchedness which so often has attended it, and on every side of him inscrutable sphinx-like Nature lay wantonly in serenest, unruffled beauty, and there was peace.

## CHAPTER XIV

*And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn  
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.*

TENNYSON.

THERE now befell what General Lew Wallace has picturesquely styled the Siege of Cincinnati, sometimes known as the Nine Days of September. They began with the proclamation of martial law early in the morning of September second; they closed with the retreat of the Confederate army on September eleventh. They are part of history, and as history, with their public turmoil, with their drums and trumpets, they have nothing to do with this record. But during those Nine Days many things changed, many new ones came into existence, and when morning dawned on September twelfth, the personages of this history stood in wholly new relationships.

The one upon whom the Nine Days had exerted the deepest, most torturing influence was remorseful Everard Kainson. That long, long

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night of September first, when he lay sleepless, thinking only of the way he had betrayed his brother, going over and over in his troubled brain his own defence against the charge of treachery, vowing unto God he had meant no baseness, pleading to be forgiven, — that night of misery had given place to a day more painful still.

For early that Tuesday morning a flag of truce had come out from Cincinnati with a proposition to exchange Colonel Golding for General Kainson. With this flag came letters for the General; the old tyrant read, with iron lip, of the action of Vincent at Dayton House, of the Mayor's warning to Vincent, of the latter's quixotic trusting of Everard, and of the report of Everard's death. "Nevertheless," wrote the Mayor, "I still believe he was a spy, even if he died in our service."

"Died!" exclaimed the General, "Everard dead! What is the man talking about? I saw the boy walking around this camp an hour ago. He's a prisoner like myself."

And then his brow knit and he read the letter over again.

"His horse went back bloody and wounded, and the boy is here unhurt —"

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He paused and stared into space, his jaws settling terribly.

"What in hell" — his way of saying the words took away all their mere profanity and made them an awful invocation of the powers that punish — "what has that boy done? Thomas!"

And then it was that the misery of the night had been succeeded for wretched Everard by the misery that was crueller still. When he heard that his uncle had sent for him, he felt in a choking intuition that his retribution was beginning. White-faced, with haggard eyes, he stood before the old lion.

"Everard, who told your father my plan of battle?"

The boy raised his eyes and looked his uncle straight in the face.

"I did, sir."

"H'm! How did you find it out?"

"Vincent trusted me with it."

"Why did you betray him?"

"Because I had promised to."

"Then you lied to both of us when you let us think you loyal?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you swore falsely when you took the oath?"

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"Yes, sir."

The old man's lip curled, and despite the pain of his wound he sat up on the edge of his cot. The utter wofulness of that white-faced boy awoke in him no pity. Scorn of the liar was bred in Walter Kainson to the very marrow of his bones. With hard lips and sneering voice and eyes that knew no mercy, he stabbed at his nephew with a contemptuous index finger and spoke bitingly, —

"By God, young man, if I did n't know you, I would say you were not the son of your father, though *he's* not much to brag of any more, and I'd have you understand that spies, of all the scum of earth, are the meanest and the basest. That's why, when we catch 'em, in every army in the world, we hang 'em like rats. I know all the cant about the end justifying the means, and I dare say you are cocked and primed with it. It's stuff and nonsense. A spy, sir, is a liar, and a gentleman, whatever else he does, does *not* lie. You fool boy, you have put a stain on this family that nothing can wash out. Your father is weaker than dishwater, and now he's turned traitor to boot, but he's not a liar. You! —" the old man's rage and scorn were rising at

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every word — “you coward! you poltroon! you swearer of false oaths! how dare you hold your head up among gentlemen again! And before God, to think that you are of my blood. You have disgraced me, sir,” — the General’s lip twitched and he winced as from unseen blows, — “you have made my name a byword of offence. I shall not be able to walk along Fourth Street without imagining that behind my back people are pointing at me and saying, ‘See, that’s the uncle of the Kainson fellow, the liar, the spy, the swearer of false oaths.’ Ah! — get out of my sight. Never let me see you again. My nephew and a liar, a perjurer! Faugh!”

What could the poor boy have said to turn that torrent of rage! Old Walter was not of this day; he saw things with the sharp division between black and white, the absence of all neutral tints, that was characteristic of an earlier generation. The perturbation of Everard’s heart, his recognition of conflicting obligations, would have been to this unsensitive, downright intelligence the merest bosh. The boy, however, under that terrible forcing of character which misery and remorse are so potent to effect, was developing fast; he could

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grasp to-day what, a week before, had been unintelligible. He read his uncle's nature, comprehended it, and was silent. He saw, as even yesterday he could not have seen, that to attempt to explain his mood of that day would but make things worse, lead his uncle to regard him not only as a rogue but as a fool. Furthermore, the latent sternness of the Kainson blood was coming to life in one more of its children. Everard was finding *his* variant of that temper which had made a tyrant of the old General, a scornful doubter of Major Tom, and a reckless enthusiast of Vincent. He also was hardening, but — thank Heaven! — into how much nobler a mould. However, the first effect of all this was simply to seal his mouth against every thought of pleading. This interview was only the beginning of the events which in those Nine Days changed the boy into the man.

The day following, General Kainson was exchanged and Colonel Golding rode into camp. He brought kind messages from Amy and Mr. Dayton — for now Everard's story was abroad in the city, taken back by the messengers who had borne the flag of truce the day before, and also it was whispered by



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deserters. He smiled when he spoke of Amy, and shook his head ruefully, saying she was still stony as to Vincent. And then his face darkened, and he said bitterly that the canaille of the city were doing after their kind and clamouring for the execution of Vincent, accusing him — how Everard's heart seemed to stop beating as he heard it! — of complicity in revealing the Federal plans. Only that morning some cad on a newspaper had printed a screeching editorial, and in the true tone of rabblement proved Vincent a traitor. "When it is remembered that Kainson is the son of the Rebel leader who defeated him," shrieked the editorial, "that his own brother carried the plan to the enemy, that Kainson admits having entrusted it to his brother, and that he did so in defiance of warnings, *of course* no one but *another traitor* would want better evidence to send Vincent Kainson to the gallows." Golding sighed as he repeated this, and his usual jovial face grew sad.

"It's awful, my boy, this business of civil war," said he; "none of us on the Ohio here realised what it was when he went into it. In New England, or far South, it may be different. But with us it is hell. Did you know

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that my brother has gone into the Union army in Maryland? He has. God help us!"

"Uncle," said Everard, "do you blame me?"

"Blame you! No. You had given your word. You had to do it. All's fair in war. The whole thing is a crime, I suppose, and it is silly to make this fuss about details."

He was anticipating the logic of that most brilliant military cynic, General Sherman, who has said, I am told, that when nations go to war to settle their difficulties they lapse into barbarism, and they have no choice but to act as barbarians. The cynicism is not wholly true, but it has that "diabolical cleverness" so hard to refute. And Golding was a man of action, not of thought. But his suffering nephew, beneath the ferule of adversity, was learning discrimination by leaps and bounds, and *he* saw through the cynicism and groaningly rejected it. However he did not answer, for the accusations of his own blood were too bitter for discussion. He asked instead, —

"Do you know — er — what Vincent says — about — about my betraying him?"

Colonel Golding's eyes flashed.

"Your brother is a trump, Everard. There's

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something in the Bible in praise, I believe, of the foolishness of faith. I never appreciated it before, but I do now. Vincent won't believe a word. He says it is all a lie, — that you never betrayed him, that they got the plan in some other way. It's hurting him fearfully with the mob. But they say it has made a friend of General Wallace. There's a lot of comfort in having a gentleman in command at a time like this."

Everard had staggered. A blinding light seemed to fall upon him, and it was that moment, I think, that his great resolution was born.

"You say he doesn't believe I betrayed him?"

"Stubbornly shuts his ears to the whole story," replied Golding. "It's foolish, of course, but it's beautiful."

"It is n't foolish; it's true," shouted Everard. "I did n't betray him. I was betrayed. It was circumstances did it."

And then he told Golding the whole story. The Colonel shook his head.

"Don't try that again, Ev," said he; "that sort of thing won't work. It is just what would seem plausible to your father, who is

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naturally a compromiser. But it's too theoretical. I can't tell you what *is* right in such a situation—the Lord knows what I'd do myself—but a compromise like that one does n't fill the bill."

And thus the days dragged on, and with each one some new story of the rage of the populace against Vincent leaked from the city to the besiegers, for the Confederate army under General Heath had now invested Cincinnati.

Everard Kainson went about his duties, doing all things as he was instructed, but with a heart of lead. He slept little, woe sat upon his features, and that resolution which was forming within him grew steadily stronger. He was torn by two thoughts,—shame, because Vincent still trusted him; passionate grief, because Vincent stood in danger of court-martial.

In those days, also, his mind took on new activities in other directions, and his loneliness was increased by the new feeling that awaked in him for his father. The doubt that had leaped upon him that day in the church, his uncle's sneer, Golding's comments, all joined with his awakened mental powers, and he saw with crushing plainness that his idol had fallen. His father was not the man of practical force

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he had imagined him ; and there came upon Everard a feeling of strange tenderness, almost of protection, something akin to the feeling he had for women. It was a consolation in its way, but it was bitter too ; for it was a death and a transformation, a change into something rich and strange he could not yet appreciate, and it united with all the rest to make him utterly unhappy, utterly alone.

And all the while his resolution was slowly growing. He thought of it at night, when he lay sleepless beneath the moon ; at dawn, when he stood sentry, when the blue dusk of the small hours grew a ghostly pallor and then became suddenly alive, a breathing, golden air ; he thought of it, as he rode away scouting, far to eastward, and turned back toward a red splendour of sunset. At a hundred times and places, the shame, the unhappiness, — and also, after a time, a great pride in his brother's enduring faith, his unshaken, blind affection, — united into that single cry which was rising in his blood and slowly mastering him. His was the mood of the man who first awakens unto Sin — for to the mind of Everard, whether rightly or wrongly, his act had become a sin — whose one cry is, "What shall I do to be

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saved?" upon whom, in its awful emotional splendour, comes the vision of Expiation.

And in those long days — only nine in the calendar, but nearer nine thousand in the changes they wrought; for the development of men's characters may lag with baby footsteps clear to the end of the threescore years and ten, or leap under stress of circumstances swift as lightning — he thought much of his childhood, his family, their traditions. He remembered a thousand things he had heard as a child and forgotten, — things that had sunk into the boy mind, and gone down into its depths, like objects that have fallen into petrifying wells, to be given up, as now, without a corner blunted or a line defaced in some great cataclysm, when God shall bring every thought into judgment and every secret thing. And thus there grew upon him the definite entity of his family, the exact *tone* of the group of men and women among whom he had been born; and now, for the first time, he grasped what that tone was, — its outer gentleness, its inner strength, its purity, its elevation, its scorn of taking an advantage, its piety, its simplicity, its devotion. All that mass of Scripture he had been made to learn as a child,

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chiefly by his grandfather, now came back to him, but clothed on for the first time with the vast significance it had had for his fathers. And all this resurging wave of his heredity beat mercilessly upon him, and he cried, "I am not worthy of my people! I am a black sheep. I am what Uncle Walter called me, a liar and a poltroon." Generations of latent Calvinism were rising out of his blood and giving to this reckless boy the self-devotion of his ancestors in the Church militant. Whether you call it superstition, or the Holy Ghost, or anything in between, a new and transforming influence was changing this scalawag through his whole being. In those Nine Days — those nine thousand days — he was learning what it is to be born again. If he was threatening, in the vehemence of the new life, to rush a little impetuously toward martyrdom, why, that was but natural. Strong natures are likely to go that way; it is not all at once that the pendulums of their minds can pass from one extreme to the point of poise in the middle of the swing.

There was abundant food for thought, especially such burning thought as Everard's, in the news that kept leaking from the city to the camp. Papers came out, and there was more

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of the clamour of the canaille, more editorials like the one which Golding had read. And when these ceased, word came that feeling was even fiercer because General Wallace, like the strong man he was, had established a censorship of the press. At last, word arrived that Vincent had been placed under arrest, General Kainson himself preferring charges of conduct "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman ;" and some one, still more violent, accusing him of complicity with his brother. Rumour, with its myriad tongues, proclaimed that Vincent would certainly be executed.

At last the Governor of Ohio took hand in this foolish hubbub and telegraphed, —

"The gallant people of Ohio are mortified to death over the rumoured treason of a son of their State, Major Vincent Kainson, and on their behalf I demand that he have a fair but speedy trial; and should he be convicted, that the extreme penalty of the law be inflicted upon him, for in that event we cannot endure even his foul carcass upon our soil." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I have here taken a liberty with history. I have not discovered the text of Governor Tod's telegram in the case of Vincent Kainson, and I substitute, with trifling alteration, the text of his despatch, relative to the court-martial of Colonel Rodney Mason, Seventy-First Ohio, who had been accused of cowardice in battle. The despatch is printed in "Ohio in the War," Volume I. page 68. It is interesting as showing how fiercely passion could flare over mere rumour.



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In such wild fashion, so far as this family record is concerned, passed the Nine Days. In the vaster affairs, as affairs are ordinarily counted, the siege and defence of the city, the turmoil was probably no less. But that, as I say, is not my affair. Whoever wants to know what was done to the north of General Wallace's entrenchments had best go to that talented author himself, or, failing him, to "Ohio in the War," by Mr. Whitelaw Reid; for what was done south of those entrenchments, there is the "History of Morgan's Cavalry" by that *preux chevalier*, General Basil Duke.

But there is one incident in the proceedings of the Confederate camp which is part of this record. Thomas Kainson, after Golding had returned, made a new regiment out of the raw levies that had been with him on the first of September. He went to General Heath and offered his services.

"But I make one condition, General," said he. "I am not a candidate for promotion. I go in as a regimental commander, I want to come out the same. I want no position of extensive command, no place where I must originate a plan of battle. Never mind my

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reasons. You may think I am a fool. Perhaps I am. But this battle in which I have ruined my own son has soured me for the rest of my days. I am now at your service on the terms stated. Where shall I place my command?"

He retreated southward, with other Confederate regiments, on the evening of September eleventh.

It was then that Everard's great resolution reached its climax. Who shall say by just what process it came about? We can see that a man is one thing one day, and something else on another, and we can discern in a general way the transition between the two. Look into your own heart, my good reader, and see there how, in the days before your strong mind was fully fledged, a startling idea has some time fallen upon you; how it drove you forward, and then how your nature reacted and drove you back; how this ebb and flow went on, till at last, before some unusually strong tide, all barriers gave way. So, in this new-born man, who was a boy but a few days since, I dare not say with what hesitations, what sudden collapses of nerve, what plunges of the new-found heroic temper

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(that essential fanaticism of his blood, that sacrificial idea planted there by generations of a stern theology), I dare not, I say, attempt to trace through that labyrinth of emotion the course by which the idea of Expiation came, tortuously but inevitably, into full possession of his mind. All I venture to say is that the Nine Days — spiritually speaking, I must still insist on the nine thousand — found him, a careless boy, having got from that grandiose Calvinistic society of his birth only its external qualities, its courage and its determination; they left him a genuine son of the Old Régime (I fancy the very last of those sons), with the essence of the old order set free within him to work its will, — an eager, high-hearted, in his vague unintellectual way (for Everard Kainson would ever be one in whom character would preponderate over mind) a devout man, having the courage of maturity and the faith as of little children.

It was this man — the impulsive boy no longer — who said to Thomas Kainson on the evening of the Ninth Day, —

“Father, I’m not going with you. I’m going back to the city to see about Vincent. Good-bye, father, — my dear old daddie!”

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The talk that followed was not long. They were standing by their horses in a hamlet a dozen miles south of Claysville; it was close to night, and a rain was drizzling down upon them; they were in the midst of a windy triangle among desolate hills. Away to the north stretched the wide heaths, and beyond them Claysville, and the Ohio, and the North Country, and Cincinnati. Kainson saw through his son's mood, his new-found manhood; saw the new tenderness of the son for the father,—saw and comprehended. He had ruined one son; was he to lose the other? But he was shut in the hand of fate; he had still enough of the Old Order in him to admire his son's resolve, he bowed his head and submitted.

They parted sadly but bravely.

Thomas rode to the head of the regiment. Everard remained where he was, sitting erect upon his horse, the rain drizzling in his face, the cold hill-wind scurrying down from the heights and grating mournfully in the tree-tops.

Presently the trumpeters began blowing "Dixie." Everard felt the biggest lump in his throat he had ever known, and in spite of himself the tears gushed from his eyes. That was the very end of his boyhood.

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In another moment the regiment came down the road, his father riding a quick trot at the head of it. As he passed his son, Thomas Kainson smiled sadly and saluted. As Everard plucked off his hat and returned the salute, the two looked lingeringly in each other's eyes.

Then the column passed.

## CHAPTER XV

*For baith were young, and baith were true,  
And baith were hard as the nether stone.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I AM getting deep into the sad part of my story, and these last chapters must move quickly. And here is perhaps the last glimmer of lighter and brighter things before all the lights go out and there occurs the transformation scene and the day cometh.

For while Everard in the Confederate camp was undergoing his great change, something less complex, but even more *unarrestable* (what a word!) was going on in the mind of Miss Amy Golding. And if I did not venture to trace the exact course by which Everard, boy and man, passed from one state of mind to another, how much less should I dare to venture when the subject is a woman! I must be content to take up again *her* story after the change has been virtually effected, and therefore I introduce Miss Amy once

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more, in the not unfitting company of her own face in a mirror.

She is still a little stormy ; her great blue eyes are as deep as seas ; her firm-set lips keep themselves firm by an effort ; the lustre in her cheek glows deeply.

But her nerves are not yet steady, and as she flings away from her mirror and casts herself upon her bed, though she does not weep, there is a dry sob or two, and a pettish snapping of the teeth and clenching of her little hands.

Presently she sits up, dry-eyed, looking very lovely with her tumbled hair and her burning cheeks. Then, all of a sudden, falls a shadow. Why the thing should happen at just this minute, I do not know, but it does. The victory over herself was won some time ago. The pride and wrath which her firm little will had held up so bravely through such wretched days, had at last collapsed. Then had come the half-angry reaction and the moments of vague tossing in mind. Now, without warning, the new mood, and the final one, — the admission that she loved Vincent, that it would break her heart if they killed him, — surged over her.

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And what followed I will not record.

When Amy was herself again, she sprang up, and with barely a glance at her mirror hurried away. She was awed a little at her own resolution, but, like Pilgrim in the story, she had cast her burden. If the sunshine had not yet reached her heart, it was drawing near, and she was taking thoughtless pleasure in it, — a pleasure that was premature.

The officer at the prison, however, knew Amy Golding, knew the story of the quarrel at her father's arrest, and when, in a flame of blushes, she asked to see her *cousin* — how she dwelt on the word! — he smiled and admitted her.

But Miss Amy had something of the head-long quality of her two cousins. She had made no pause to forecast exactly what would happen at the prison. She knew only that she was so, *so* sorry for her cruelty to Vincent, and she wanted instantly to tell him. She had not realised that the officer in charge would go with her to see her cousin, and her face grew blank as she comprehended. But to save her, she knew not what to say. She followed him bewildered, and they entered the cell together.

What happened next took away her breath.



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The man who rose to meet them showed a hard, white face and eyes that flashed. He gave a short cry at sight of Amy and started back; then he stiffened haughtily, came toward her, and put out his hand with cold formality.

"Thank you for coming to see me, Cousin Amy," said he, icily; adding, as by an afterthought, "Have you any news from Uncle Robert?"

The girl felt her heart turn cold. Who was this austere man who addressed her so coldly? It was not for her to comprehend the sternness and the pride that were in the nature of the enthusiast. Vincent Kainson would have gone around the world on his knees, had he believed himself in the wrong; but not believing so, he would not crook a finger toward reconciliation; he would die in his stubbornness and make no moan. The blind intensity of character which clung so grimly to the faith that his brother had not deceived him, nerved him equally in his harsh pride, his resolve not to yield one hair'sbreadth to this girl who had done him injustice. He, like his brother, needed a great lesson in the school of the contrite heart and the broken spirit. And all this

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our poor, lovely, unhappy, gallant little Amy Golding — worth any sacrifice of that hard thing, Pride — could *not* possibly understand.

But the officer of the prison was a man of fifty, and *he* understood, and at a great technical risk — for order are orders — went out and left them alone.

Amy looked up and would have spoken, but the tears came in her eyes and her throat closed and she could not. She bent her head so that he should not see her face. *Why* was he so cruel? Why could n't he speak to her? If she had been unjust, had not he been harsh? If she had wronged him, had not he persecuted her father? She bent her head still lower so as to hide her face, for the tears were threatening to overflow, and she had a quick, proud feeling that she was not throwing herself at any man's head: he should not see that she was crying. If he would not meet her half-way and say the first tender word (was not the fact that she had come to the prison at all, confession enough from her?), if he would not speak first, then —

She did not finish the sentence, but her lips twitched despairingly.

As to Vincent, he turned away in his bitter

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heroics, and looked through the window with no more comprehension of what he saw than if he were looking at a dead wall. Was *he* going to sue to a girl for pardon? Not if his own soul were the stake. Had he done anything but his duty, and had not she been cruelly unjust? Had not every one else, even her own brave father, credited him with conscience and honesty, and had not she alone leaped at the chance to distrust him? He bit his lips, Spartan-like wrapped the cloak of his pride round the wolf that was gnawing at his heart, and vowed that she, who had cast him off, should see that he could endure without murmur, that he did not shrink from fate.

And thus in dead silence the minutes passed.

Presently the officer was forced to return. He saw that things had not been mended, and he judged, sensibly enough, that the best thing to do was to carry Amy away and end the scene.

He did so.

Miss Amy came forth from the prison, her heart still like a lump of ice, her eyes welling; and though she thanked the officer and

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got away without weeping, she never knew how.

So burned out the last rushlight which illuminated this pitiful comedy ere the dawning of the new day, and now the darkness of the night begins to gather.

## CHAPTER XVI

*Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power  
with the Need,  
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent to us to  
lead.  
As the deer breaks, as the steer breaks, from the herd  
where they graze,  
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

EVERARD KAINSON rode into Cincinnati the night following the Ninth Day. He drew rein at the foot of the Terraces, looked up, and saw the banner of the Republic floating above his home. He had ridden hither involuntarily, but now a great distaste of the place seized upon him. There the old child life with his brave, foolhardy brother had all been lived; there, through himself and that villain Chesterton, his father, wholly against his will, as Everard could now see, had been pushed into the fiasco of the thirty-first of August; there, in some

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way, they had all been betrayed; there — his face burned at the thought—he had himself sworn the false oath; there his detestable stepmother still reigned.

In a flash it occurred to Everard: Could she have betrayed us,—she whom he had himself caught eavesdropping!

For an instant his boyish hatred of her flared to life, and he sprang down from the saddle. He would face her, find out the truth, expose her. But the next moment the man asserted himself against the boy. What if she had done it? She was his father's wife. His lips were sealed. The honour of the family demanded that this woman be suspected by no one. He blushed as he thought of the blunt way he had once talked of her. He remembered Amy's finer sense of delicacy, and he bit his lips. Mrs. Kainson would never have anything to fear from her stepson again.

He remounted, turned his horse's head eastward, and rode away through the silent moonlit streets.

What a revelation they were! He who had gone out the boy, had returned the man; he who had never before opened eyes to what surrounded him, knew now what it was to per-

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ceive an atmosphere, to feel it permeating his imagination, to hear it calling with a thousand tongues. He who had been merely a detached boy, having no real home but his fancies, was now, not a man merely, but a man hungering for his own, clinging eagerly to the thought of it; who was at last entering into it here in this moonlit, dreaming city. Where had he been all those years that he had not seen this city, — these stately old houses, these tall stone pillars ghostly in the moonshine, these spires and basilicas, these wide spaces of lustre, these whispering, haunted groves? This was his own place: he belonged to it, body and soul; the footsteps of his people were in every street; the spirit of his father's house, — those forgotten, heroic tones that had revived so mysteriously out of the hitherto vague tract of his childhood, — that spirit, that temper of elevation, sphered in the beauty of the still city, was everywhere. It breathed in the night wind; it floated like a presence in the moonshine; it took the figures of tall severe men, who paced the high colonnades, whose voices were in the rustling of the trees. On every hand of him, amid the throng of imagined figures, rose one deep whisper, "We, indeed,

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are your own, and from this night you are even as we are."

He did not, to be sure, grasp the whole of this revelation. It fell upon him confusedly, and to save him he never could have put it into words. But what it amounted to, he comprehended. He felt with redoubled keenness that all life had changed to him, that he had discovered himself, that he was at one with his own. And so he was. The real Man, that had been hidden in him from the first, had emerged, as a star does from a cloud; the child had been reconciled to its heredity; for perhaps the very last time, the lovely old Cincinnati, that city which has perished like a dream, had been able to bestow upon one of its sons a birthright of beautiful sensations.

But I must not linger in these last chapters. The time is short; the trouble is much; let us hurry on.

Everard had determined to pass the night at Dayton House. On the morrow he would see Vincent and tell him the whole story. Then he would go to the Federal authorities and give himself up.

It was after ten when he dismounted, tied his horse, went through the great gates of



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Dayton House, up the flagstone walk, and rang the bell. In the drawing-room of the house Mr. Dayton had the Bible on his knee; Amy sat near him, evening worship was about to begin. The servants did not attend this, as they did at morning worship; and none of them being near, Mr. Dayton himself went to the door.

"It's Everard, grandfather," said a clear, firm voice that carried its manliness in its tones. "I've come back to give myself up. I guess you'll keep me over night, won't you?"

"My boy, my boy!" cried the impulsive old man, "what are you talking about? Amy! Here is Everard."

Amy ran into the hall, and Everard caught her gaily in his arms and kissed her.

"Ev!" she cried, "what's the matter? What's happened?"

"Nothing," he laughed. "May n't I come in out of the cold? My horse is out there, grandfather; may he be put up for the night?"

Mr. Dayton shouted for a servant, and the three went into the drawing-room. The old man's grave eyes were regarding his grandson with a mixture of sorrow and pity and not a

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little astonishment. He supposed that Everard had betrayed his brother, but he knew youth, with its fancies, its dreams, and its confusions, and he knew *this* youth, and had made allowances. But had the boy come back, to play the martyr, save his brother, undo his own rashness at whatever cost? Mr. Dayton's eyes filled with joyful tears. The great traditions were not all dead; there were some youths who could still be seized by them and moulded to heroic shape.

"Grandfather," Everard was saying, while he held Amy's hand and her eyes in mingled fear, joy, amazement, rested on his face, "I know you think I swore falsely and lied and betrayed Vincent, and I did; but I did n't mean to. On my honour, I did n't mean to. I did n't realise what I was doing. And I was betrayed myself by Chesterton."

Then, in eager sentences, he told his story, pleading his cause with feeling, but concealing nothing; and while he talked, the old man's face changed and glowed and darkened and flashed, and lifted finally into glorious sunshine — like a wind-swept April day — while Amy drew closer and closer, and as Everard ended, laid her face on his shoulder. It would be

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difficult to say just what was passing in Miss Amy's mind. Everard's own face glowed strongly, though his lips quivered and his eyes were unnaturally bright.

"I'm doing right, grandfather," said he. It was more a challenge than a question.

"Right!" cried the old Calvinist, springing to his feet, and catching his grandson's hand in both of his, — 'right! God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son. Right! Right to die for another, right to sacrifice yourself for your brother, right to undo things without a question of the price — right! Of course, it's right, Everard, my dear son —"

Mr. Dayton's voice broke. He dropped his grandson's hand, turned, and walked to the door. Everard looked after him with shining eyes — the young man was in that high mood when martyrdom is a joy — and smiled as he saw his grandfather's hands shut tightly.

"Ev," whispered Amy, "dear Ev, I think you're the bravest man that ever lived."

But it was Vincent's face that was swimming in the girl's eyes.

There was a little space of silence.

Then a servant came to the door to say that the horse had been cared for.

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"Hey!" cried Mr. Dayton. "What horse? Oh, yes. Bother the horse! Bring me the little decanter from the top shelf of the side-board, and bring three glasses."

It was the very finest of his Madeira.

He kept his back turned and his hands shut till the wine came.

Then he wheeled about, his eyes shining almost as were his grandson's, and filled the glasses himself, spilling a great deal of wine as he did so.

"Amy, my child," said he, "you must take a glass of wine with us. Everard, my son, my dear, brave, gallant boy, may you live to be the first chevalier in your father's army."

Later, when the three had had solemn worship, they sang, while still upon their knees, that stern old hymn,—

"It is not all of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

In such fashion, in more senses than the mere literalness of the words, came Everard Kainson home.

## CHAPTER XVII

*Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance.*

TENNYSON.

AS this is our most unhappy chapter, I will make it, as near as I can, the shortest. What need to recount the details of the trial of Vincent Kainson which resolved itself into the trial of his brother Everard? That Vincent was spared and Everard was condemned, any one can see from the beginning.

But a word is due to the meeting of the brothers before the trial occurred. Even that, however, was exactly what one would expect. With the same eagerness of the joyful martyr, Everard again told his story. In the first part of it the face of Vincent darkened sternly, but only to lighten stormily at the end.

"I knew you never betrayed me, Everard," he cried. "I *knew* it. And you did n't. You meant to be perfectly just to all your promises. That Chesterton — *he* was the scoundrel. He was the whelp, the contemptible traitor."

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And then it dawned on him what his brother had come to do. His face turned ashen.

"You don't mean — Everard! what are you here for?"

The younger one tried to laugh it off, but 't was no avail.

Vincent paced his cell, storming in his hard, tight-lipped, suppressed way.

"It is madness," he cried excitedly. "It is the bitterest thing of all. It is not kindness, Everard. I will never admit that it is kindness. It is the cruellest thing you could do to me. It will make me hate you. For God's sake, boy, go away — escape while there's time. I don't need you to show I was n't implicated in father's rising. All they can prove is that I was indiscreet in telling the plan to *any one*. And *that* I was. I had no right to tell at all. I disobeyed orders. I deserve to be punished for *that*, and that's all I can be punished for. But with you it's different. You were a spy. If you give yourself up — For the love of God, Ev, go away and don't break my heart. I have enough to bear as it is."

But he could have turned a glacier as easily as that bright-eyed young man from his purpose. Everard was convinced — and rightly

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—that there was but one way to clear his brother. Furthermore, expiation—that immense idea, implanted, whether rightly or wrongly, so deep in his heredity—could not now be gainsaid.

And so it came about that the court-martial found that Vincent Kainson, “upon the evidence of the spy, Everard Kainson, his brother, who had given himself up in order to clear the former of the charge of complicity in the treason of the said Everard,” was not implicated in the rising of the thirty-first of August, and had not, to the best belief of the court, been guilty of any treason; however, as he had by his own confession treated the civil authorities with unpardonable insolence; had blindly refused to be warned about his brother; having been so warned, had rashly trusted said brother; and finally, had been guilty of serious breach of discipline in revealing, to a person nowise entitled to know them, the plans of his superior officer,—the court sustained the charge of “conduct unbecoming an officer,”—the words, “and a gentleman,” however, were struck out,—and ordered that the said Vincent Kainson, late Major commanding the Cambridge Rifles, be

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dismissed from the service of the United States.

The trial had been conducted in the City Hall, and when Vincent came out, alone, the buttons and shoulder-straps gone from his coat, two people sitting on a bench in the little Park that bright September day very nearly cried out with grief. Vincent crossed the Park with slow footsteps, sat down beside his grandfather, while Amy kept her place at the other end of the bench, and the only word spoken was Mr. Dayton's husky exclamation, —

“God be with you, my son, God be with you !”

It was no time for speaking. Within doors the trial of Vincent had resolved itself into the trial of Everard, and the gallant young fellow had already convicted himself in the testimony which had cleared his brother. His case, however, would be presented ably and with eloquence, for the courtesy of General X——, president of the court, had allowed the brothers a civil advocate, and Mr. Dayton, though a lawyer, had given place to the cooler head and abler genius of his brother-in-law, Mr. Geraldin. Unflinchingly, though with sad eyes, for he had always been fond of Everard, that fa-



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mous counsellor had defended Vincent. Now with heavy heart he addressed himself to defending Everard. While the three unhappy people in the Park waited breathless, Mr. Geraldin fought the good fight and lost it; fought the duel between poetic justice and military necessity, between the romantic temper and the realisation of immediate responsibility,—that old, old strife, where the merits of the two sides are so diverse, and yet so real that for any one mind to weigh them both with justice is next door to impossible. There is nothing truer than that one man should die for the people, one member perish rather than the whole body be cast into hell, and yet, inasmuch as Christ and Caiaphas both laid down this principle, how difficult is its application!

Meanwhile, in doubt and misery, the three people waited. It was a moment to make one realise one's losses, one's loneliness. Never had Vincent Kainson so hungered after human affection, so thirsted for the love of the sweet girl who sat near him. He was sinking into the deepest shadow he had ever known, the midnight blackness of having caused his brother's death; and could he but have grasped her hand, he felt that she would be to him as an angel,

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that his soul would not perish. But to speak to her, to show in any way his longing, a shame of himself too deep to be plumbed by words forbade. He also, by the love and devotion of his brother, had at last been broken in spirit; he who had always, unknown to himself, been the proud Pharisee, had learned humility at last — and in what a bitter school! — and not only grief but the sense of his own unworthiness made speech impossible.

And yet both he and Amy saw in each other's eyes the truth. His pride having fallen, his eyes could lie no more. Amy, in her terror for his sake, had lost all sense of herself, had only a shrinking awe, a dumb dread of him, which she knew not how to put away. They read each other's eyes, and yet they were farther apart than ever.

The moments went slowly by. The blue air of September twinkled about them, — one enormous, filmy, world-encompassing sapphire. The tree-tops creaked and rustled. Here and there some patch of foliage that had already turned scarlet made a red glimmer upon masses of glittering green. The bright turf shimmered in the sunlight. A handful of fallen leaves swirled about, dancing hither and thither, per-

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formed quaint antics with the breeze, scurried into a circle, raced off in a huddling pack like a flock of startled birds, rose a moment into a waggish, uncertain spiral, then collapsed into a heap ; the breeze died into a sigh ; the sigh faded among the trees, and on the face of the world lay breathing silence.

Minute — after minute — after minute — they seemed interminable.

At last, the doors of the hall moved open, and Everard came out, dead white, though smiling. He walked between two soldiers. Mr. Geraldin, his head sunk upon his chest, came behind him.

There was no need to tell the verdict. Vincent leaped up, his eyes rushed to Everard's in wild entreaty. The younger, smiling brightly, tried to speak ; but brave as he was, his voice failed him, and he could merely nod his head and continue that bright, cheery smile.

For an instant the two looked at each other ; then all their new-found manhood fell away from them, and Vincent sprang forward and caught his brother in his arms.

Amy Golding, who had also started to her feet, turned her head and wept bitterly ; her

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heart filled partly with grief, partly with rage, partly with an overpowering sense of loneliness, of exclusion into the unloved outer places where no one needed her.

Enfield Dayton struck his hand upon his forehead, and his fine, florid face grew livid. Not until this minute had he believed that the court could find it in its heart to condemn Everard. He was too hopelessly of the romantic temperament to comprehend the stoic one, and Everard, in these last few days, had become inexpressibly dear to him.

But the stoic temper had prevailed, and this was the finding of the court-martial, —

“Inasmuch as the said Everard Kainson, Esquire, of this city, was, as established by his own confession, a deliberate spy in the service of the Confederate forces; inasmuch as he took the oath of allegiance falsely, which oath he afterward violated; and since he has revealed to the Confederates the plan of the Battle of Claysville, thus rendering possible the destruction of an important Federal command: this court is constrained to find him guilty.

“At the same time, all the members of the court desire to place on record their high personal respect and esteem for Mr. Kainson, and their great admiration for the motives which lead him to surrender

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himself for trial. He did so to clear his brother, late a Major in the Federal army, who was accused of complicity with Mr. Kainson, and whom, solely upon the testimony of Mr. Kainson, this court has found innocent of that charge. But great as is the reluctance of the court to pass judgment, and much as the members of the court deplore their own action, the gravity of the present crisis, together with the unhappy necessities of war, constrain the court to find the verdict of guilty.

“Therefore, it is ordered that the accused shall suffer death, by the mode customary in such cases, at a place and time to be fixed by the president of the court.

“God save the Republic of the United States. Amen.”

In other words, Everard Kainson had been condemned to be hanged by the neck until dead.

## L'ENVOI

**T**HERE is but one incident remaining in my story. Rather, my story is done, and one thing additional must come trailing after, like the tail of a kite — which is the most important part of it.

The scene shifts from Cincinnati to Washington.

For can any one suppose that no effort was made to get Everard pardoned? Would Enfield Dayton, would David Geraldin, would Amy and Vincent, have sat quietly at home and let Everard be executed without any appeal to Cæsar? Could *any one* have done that when Cæsar was the Parsifal among statesmen, was Lincoln?

How well I remember that story, told me so often, of the day when Enfield Dayton and his two grandchildren passed the sentries at the White House and were ushered into the cabinet of the President.

The audience had been arranged by influential friends, and it was at an hour when Mr.

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Lincoln had comparative leisure. When they entered, he was sitting at his desk; his face was turned partly from them; his fingers were drumming upon the table: his attitude was one of tense meditation. He started slightly as they were announced, turned, and at once rose to receive them. Never after did any one of them forget that figure—that great, loose-jointed man, slightly shambling in gait; strangely unhandsome in feature, yet strangely imposing; strangely gentle, yet strangely masterful. It was this note of strangeness, this sense of being face to face with something new to their experience, something baffling and incommensurable, that took instant hold upon all three. It was that impression which grew with each moment of the interview.

Mr. Lincoln smiled, — and they were almost startled by the womanly gentleness of his face, it had seemed so repellent the moment before, — asked them pleasantly to be seated, and bade one of his secretaries bring him the papers in the case.

“You see,” said he, “the Court expected an appeal and sent me the papers directly. I have not yet had time to examine them, but General X—— wrote that he would not fix the

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time of execution till he heard from Washington. So, you see, he has practically appealed the case himself."

He had spoken quietly, and his voice had a sort of shamblé in it similar to his gait, but all the while there had played across his face that inexpressibly gentle — nay, that wonderfully tender — light, so contradictory to the rough-hewn uncouthness of his general outline. That light in his face was like the sweetness of the dawn upon beetling mountains. And his visitors — eager for every sign of softness — noticed now how exquisitely fine, despite the ugliness and ruggedness of his features, was the texture of his skin; no fine lady had ever a skin more delicate, more like satin. But it was that very delicacy which intensified by contrast the broad marking set so deeply upon his whole figure of those rude stocks — grimly, coarsely plebeian — that were much, at least, of his ancestry.

From the first moment his visitors had entered the room, his unfathomable eyes had amazed and mystified them. Now, as he ceased speaking, he turned his eyes upon Amy.

The girl's heart gave a sudden bound.



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Something came forth from his eyes, and took her gently by the hand, a spirit of such winning sweetness and kindness that it deserved to be called feminine, and all fear of him, all shrinking from the ugliness and coarseness that were in one aspect of him, faded utterly. Before she knew what she was about, she had leaned forward, clasped her hands, and was pouring out her whole soul for mercy upon Everard.

Mr. Lincoln listened a few moments; then, smiling again, he made a motion with his hand and Amy stopped short, but with no feeling that she had been rebuffed.

"Wait a moment, my daughter," said he, "just a moment."

He looked from her to Vincent, then back to Amy, and for some reason the girl blushed. Still smiling, Mr. Lincoln gave an amused little shake to his head — as if talking to himself — and turned to the papers. He knew more than his visitors guessed, for the good president of the court-martial, himself a Cincinnati, had written a long letter, hinting boldly that this was surely a case for the exercise of the pardoning power, and telling the whole story, even to the episode of Vincent and Amy.

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But of this, of course, at the moment our friends knew nothing. Supposing that he was going into the case for the first time, they watched him with feverish intensity. His eyes concealed, his face removed, they saw only the great, loose, ploughman figure, and that feeling of amazement grew apace. For these were people whose perceptions were instinctively fine, and they saw in this man a blend of contradictory things, never, so far as they knew, seen before. Plebeian one moment, he was an aristocrat the next; ugly in one respect, he showed in another a grandeur that made them think of beauty. They were seeing him with eyes more acute than most which have looked upon him, for these three, while themselves of finely developed stocks, had this advantage over all of one party, that they were not blinded by prejudice; and over most of the opposing party, this other, that they came as suppliants, with all their faculties of observation, all their fears, sympathies, apprehensions, stimulated to the maximum. Therefore I have always believed that what *they* saw was the truest account of the phenomenon of that amazing personality which ever I was permitted to hear. They were no blind raptur-

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ists: they saw the shadows as well as the brightness, and in the play of that brightness across that darkness lay the revelation as of a new form of existence, — the miracle which psychologists are little likely to explain, — that baffled, subjugated, fascinated them.

Mr. Lincoln finished reading the papers, and sat a moment in that attitude of tense meditation, the same which he had had when they entered. Then, coming suddenly out of it, he picked up his pen, wrote several lines upon a sheet of paper, and turning again to his visitors, handed the paper to Amy. He rose as he did so, saying, —

“There, my child, God bless you.”

Amy burst into tears, seized his great, powerful hand, and kissed it.

“Tut, tut!” said he, laughing, as he drew it away and patted her on the head. “I won’t insult your cousin by offering him a command in our army, but tell him I have a great respect for him, and I feel sure he will be a distinguished soldier on his own side.”

Mr. Dayton’s broken attempt to thank him he cut short in the same laughing tone, but laying a hand on Vincent, he said, —

“Major, I wish you ’d remain a moment.”

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When the two were alone, Mr. Lincoln looked a long minute into Vincent Kainson's eyes. Never had the young man been conscious of such scrutiny from any eyes before. Then the President said abruptly, —

“Sit down, my son. We must talk this over. Of course, you will re-enlist?”

Upon Vincent, as well as Amy, the spell of this mighty presence had fallen. He answered freely, as if to his own father, —

“I don't know, sir. I have been disgraced. How can I go back into service?”

The President laid a hand upon Vincent's knee.

“But did n't you deserve to be disgraced?” he asked. “Did n't you need this lesson, and would you have learned it in any other way? I know a good deal of men, my son, — excuse me for saying it, — I am used to read men's characters, and I feel sure that I understand yours. You have had a terrible lesson, and it was taught to you without any waste of mercy, — I feel for you in what you have suffered, — but are n't you now twenty times the man you were before your stubbornness and your pride had been beaten down, — does not your heart tell you that? — and now will you not go

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forward in your own redemption, are n't you going to re-enlist, take up your cross and carry it, retrieve your reputation, become, in the fullest sense of the word, a *man* ? ”

Vincent's eyes had fallen upon the carpet ; but while Lincoln was speaking, power came forth from him, the disgraced young fellow felt a new feeling tingling in his veins, a new and wholly different sort of pride, and that last word *man* went through him like an electric shock. His eyes leaped up to Lincoln's face and hung there.

For a moment the two men gazed at each other, and Vincent became breathless and unable to speak.

A change had come over the President. The slouch was gone from his figure, the good-natured shamble from his tone and attitude ; he sat erect, all his face calmly, strongly eager, his eye overpowering.

“ You must not think of refusing me, my son,” he resumed ; “ men who have made the mistakes you have made are just the men I want. I do not want bloodthirsty fanatics, men who cannot trust anybody, who see all their enemies as a pack of devils. I want men who *can* go wrong through a noble sen-

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timent. I want men who can sympathise with their enemies. I am sick of fanatics and the gospel of revenge. Pshaw!—”

He stamped his foot and rose suddenly to his full height, — an immense, and for the moment a magnificent, figure, toweringly aquiline. He began slowly to pace the room, speaking still in a controlled, self-repressed white-heat, —

“We are not fighting enemies at all. We are fighting our own brothers. *Why* can't people understand that? I will not listen to a word about revenge. Does a father hate a child, even if the son forswear and deny him? Was the Prodigal Son, when he came at last to his father's house, sent back to the husks and swine? The Secessionists are my prodigal children. I am President of every inch of this country this minute, just as much as if none of my children had forsworn me. I must look to the interest of every Southern State just as truly as to every Northern one, — and even more because of this disease, this madness, that has fallen upon them. I must care for every man who is fighting against me just as I would for my own child in rebellion. And yet this war, this war! What will the necessities of war compel me to do? I do

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not know. I shudder to think. My hand is upon the plough and I must go forward. But it is not — it is *not* against enemies. It is against my misguided children. *Why* can't the nation see that? Why can't the bloodthirsty fanatics see that? Why can't the blatant press see that? Why can't they take into their own hearts some of the Christianity they preach?"

He ceased speaking, but continued to stride back and forth, slowly, thoughtfully. Vincent Kainson had also risen and was waiting to catch his eye.

Presently Mr. Lincoln looked at him. The President's figure was losing its majesty; the aquiline suggestion was beginning to fade; his smile had again that strange gentleness. As Vincent drew himself up and saluted, Mr. Lincoln stretched forth his hand, saying lightly:

"Well, we'll bring things through somehow. It will all come right in the end."

Then he rang for his Secretary and said to him, —

"You will see that Major Kainson is enrolled with his previous rank in a skeleton regiment of the District of Columbia, and also have him detailed as an aide to the President."

To Vincent, as the Secretary left the room,

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he showed a twinkling eye, and taking him familiarly by the shoulders, he pushed him toward the door.

"Now, Major," said he, chuckling, the broadest mirth showing upon his face, "go and make it up with the little girl. You're transparent as day, you two. Anybody could see through you at a hundred yards. So, go ahead. No, you don't, either — Mr. Secretary!"

As the latter returned and he addressed him again, he still chuckled, —

"Mr. Secretary, I commission you, under pain of my most severe displeasure, to see that Major Kainson does not get away from the White House until he is properly uniformed. I will not have my aides on the street in citizen's clothes."

To Vincent he whispered, —

"Nothing like brass buttons with a girl."

Aloud he added, —

"Take him away, Mr. Secretary. I won't need you till nine o'clock to-morrow, Major. Good day."

And now my story is told.

I am not forgetting, however, that we have



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parted from Amy and Vincent without a definite statement that they made it all up, married, and were happy. But, really, is that necessary? All things considered, — with the tragedy of Everard averted; with Vincent restored to his own self-respect, thanks to the humane President; with the young man's nature changed and softened; with Amy, likewise, taking a less grandiloquent view of things, realising that love and politics have no essential connection with each other, — with all these merciful ends effected, the happy termination of their love-story follows, I take it, as a matter of course.

As to Everard, the officers of the court-martial were so delighted with his pardon that General X—— bade them and him and Mr. Dayton and Mr. Geraldin to a dinner in his honour, and though the canaille raged at such treatment of a "rebel," the stout old General remarked that it was *his* affair, and would prove a sorry mess for anybody who meddled with it. And nobody meddled. A few days later, Everard was despatched southward. He was regularly exchanged; had thereafter such adventures in the gray uniform as even his quondam hero, D'Artagnan, need not turn up

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his nose at; and rode finally in that army of heroes whom the Hammer of Battle bade go forth, not his prisoners, but his recovered countrymen, on the day of Appomattox.

Of only one other of the persons of this history need I speak further. Thomas Kainson was an efficient soldier, but no more than that; it was whispered that he lacked zeal; and the fanatics of his party always distrusted him. There were the equivalents of old Walter Kainson—who, by the way, never forgave his nephews, and himself died heroically in a charge—there were such men in the South as well as in the North. May they get their reward! So persecuted they the Prophets aforetime. And Thomas, in a negative way, was a prophet. But he had his innings at last, which most prophets do not have, and in his old age he fought out that battle which began in Cincinnati the night when the five men of orthodoxy stood on one side of the table and the one Doubter on the other. That battle he won, as he supposed, and he died triumphant at heart. What a mercy it is that he lived no longer,—that he did not see us youngsters, who had all become agnostics under his leadership, one after an-

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other, like sensible little fools, turn homeward toward the Lord!.

There is much more that I might tell, had I space. The history of the Kainson-Dayton-Geraldin kindred, their ups and downs, fortunes and misfortunes; the toppling down of *their* social order; the revolution wrought by success and riches, effacing the Old North more truly, perhaps, than failure and suffering effaced the Old South; the passing of the old types of men, along with the old houses, the old parties, the old causes, — all wrapped, as we do not yet appreciate, in one red winding-sheet by the Great Civil War, — *that* is still to be told; and any historian who cares to make a minute study of the consequences, both material and psychological, of the Civil War can find no better field than the city of Cincinnati, that meeting-point both of North and South and East and West.

But the deed is done.

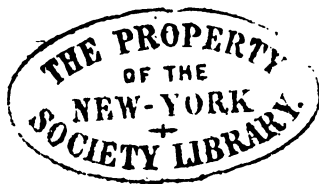
“The old order changeth, giving place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,”

and the dawn has come. We have lost much; but we youngsters, with our *minds* reorganised by Kainson, feel now that we can project out of

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our *hearts* the fragments of that fine old world which has passed away, mould them all with subtler forces than any which were known to our grandfathers, saving only the mighty power of Conscience, and in the end possess a world that shall be all the lovelier for its death and its resurrection. There are many, I know, who are weary and despondent, who say there will be no resurrection; and they may be right. But I, for one, will not believe them. Therefore, having come to the end of my tale, let me close in great cheerfulness, with those stately words which ought to follow, inevitably as the benediction, every American undertaking, whether great or small, —

“God save the Republic. Amen.”





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